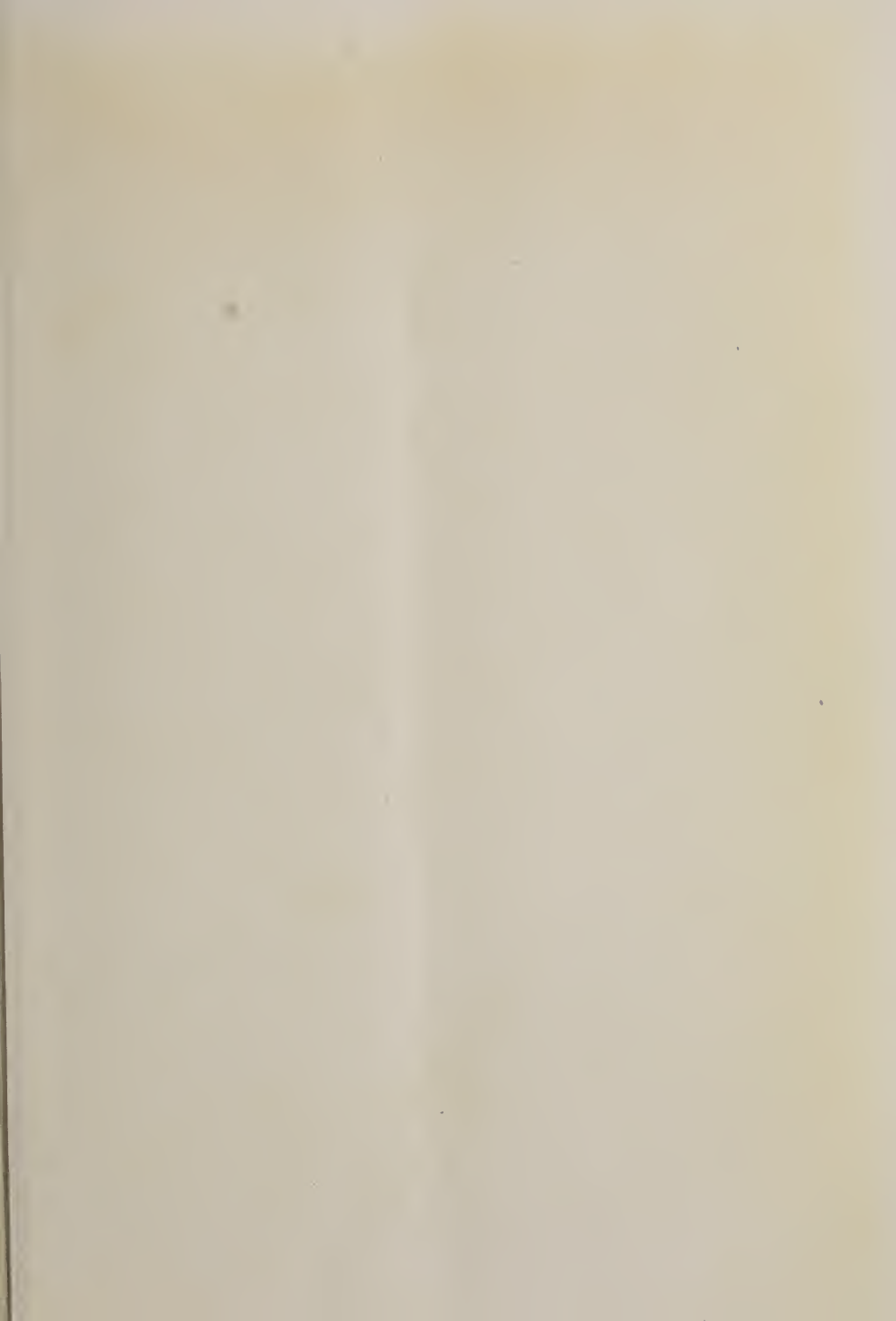


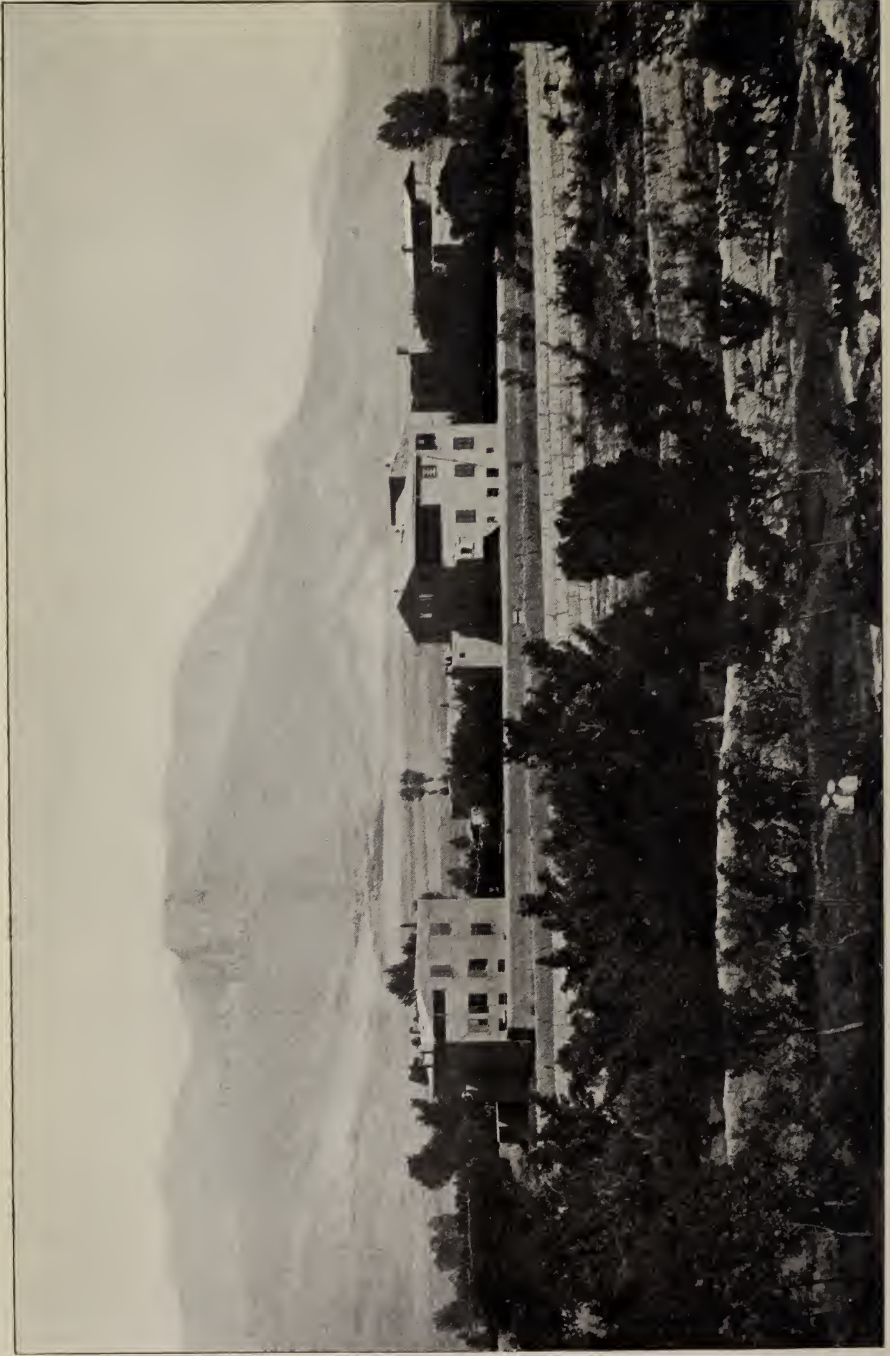
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MISSION PREMISES AT VAN. (See page 161.)

Life and Light

Vol. XXXIX

APRIL, 1909

No. 4

Cards bring the announcement of the marriage of our missionary, Miss Elizabeth H. Viles, who joined the Marathi Mission in 1907, to Rev.

MISSIONARY Arthur A. McBride of the same mission. They will reside
PERSONALS. in Byculla, a section of Bombay, and many friends are asking that all blessing may abide on the new home. A recent letter from Ahmednagar says of Miss Elizabeth Johnson, the nurse, who went last November to work with Drs. Hume and Stephenson in the hospital for women and children, "If she had been made to order she could not have fitted our need more perfectly, and we feel strong to have her here." Miss Anna F. Webb, principal of our Normal and Preparatory School in Madrid, arrived in New York, February 27th, having come for a few months' leave of absence.

The eighth conference of the representatives of Woman's Boards assembled in the vestry of Park Street Church, Boston, February 24th and 25th. Ninety-
INTERNATIONAL AND two delegates from twenty-eight organizations
INTERDENOMINATIONAL. were present, some having come from Canada, some from the Pacific coast and the states between here and there, and a number from the South. They discussed many practical topics—the treasury, summer schools, work with children, care of missionaries, united study of missions, unauthorized gifts and others pertaining to problems that perplex officers of Boards. Miss Harriet Taylor, executive secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and Miss Ruth Paxson, secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, explained the relation of these organizations to the Missionary Boards. Mrs. C. N. Thorpe conducted a Round Table, where question and answer flashed vividly back and forth. At the evening session Miss Clementina Butler told of the world's awakening womanhood here at home, and Mrs. F. E. Clark gave shining examples of that awakening abroad, notably in China.

Girls' School in Van, Turkey. We are glad to announce this new leaflet, and to remind our readers of the well-known missionary ladies who
NEW have cared for this school during the thirty years of its
LITERATURE. existence. Mrs. Raynolds, who was its founder, and is still called "mother," must have been a watchful guardian during all the

changes, and the school is sure to have a large influence over the awakening mind of to-day. Price, four cents.

The Full Corn in the Ear. Miss Anna F. Webb, directora of the normal and preparatory schools in Madrid, Spain, has given a most interesting account of some of the graduates of this institution, now in its thirty-third year of the work for girls in Spain. Eighty-five of these have been or still are teachers, and nine are wives of pastors. The whole narrative leaves upon one's mind a profound impression of the depth and far-reaching influence of this work of self-sacrifice and earnest effort of its beloved founder, Alice Gordon Gulick. Price, three cents.

Eight Minutes in Diong-loh. Here is a catechism well arranged by Miss H. L. Osborne, and it will be a boon to mission circles who are trying to furnish missionary information in the way of dialogue. All the young people who aided in erecting the Abbie Child Memorial School will find pleasure in taking the journey there, and entering into the school life vividly presented in this attractive leaflet. Price, three cents.

The Work of our Boards. We are sure that many throughout our constituency will be glad to have this brief catechism on the formation, missions and aim of the American Board as well as of the three Woman's Boards. It is on a single sheet, and is well packed with information.

Doing What You Can't. This new and most convincing leaflet by Mrs. Lucy Fairbanks Alvord, ought to be widely distributed. If any of our readers, and we know that there are many, are mourning over the lack of leaders and helpers in church work, we advise the circulation of this timely message.

In the month ending February 18th we received in contributions for the regular pledged work \$8,236.73. Bear in mind that if the work we have

OUR now in hand is to go on we must receive \$120,000 in contributions from the Branches in the year ending October 18th. TREASURY. Four months, one third of the year, have brought us \$29,986.54.

Miss Ruth P. Ward, who went out in 1907 to teach in the girls' school at Ponasang, says: "The Bible picture books that the Shrewsbury children FOOCHOW MISSION, made have been much appreciated. I worked with CHINA. one of the teachers for a few hours, giving him the names of the pictures and the references while he wrote these on each page in Chinese character. If any society would like to make more books like these, either of Old Testament history or of the life of Christ they will be a great help to us."

On the 17th of February, 1906, the building of the Girls' Seminary, at Aintab, Turkey, was destroyed by fire. The next summer, when excavations were being made for the foundations of a new building, to replace the one that had been burned, the workmen came upon a large iron pot, of European rather than Oriental design, filled with about twelve hundred silver coins. Over a thousand of these were about the size of a silver dollar, the remainder being of varying smaller sizes. Most of the large ones bear on the face a rampant lion, and the Latin motto, *Confidens Domino non movetur*, while on others are the words, *Da pacem, Domine, diebus nostris*. On some of the smaller coins are the words, *Soli Deo honor et gloria*. On the reverse side there is the figure of a knight in armor, with waving plumes in his helmet and a shield with a small lion like the one on the front. Some bear the head of a ruler. The dates upon the coins range from 1612 to 1685. The coins are about 71 per cent pure silver, as shown by laboratory test. It is said that they were in circulation in Aleppo, the capital of the province, as late as twenty-five years ago, and that they are in use in Abyssinia to-day.

At first it was thought that the coins were Crusader money, owing to the knight and the Christian motto. We imagined that some Turkish lord had stolen them, perhaps from Rhodes, but later we were informed that they were Dutch guildens. How they came to be buried so deep in the ground on the seminary hill, who brought them there, and why they were hidden will probably always remain a mystery. The school premises were at one time the site of the government buildings in Aintab, and to judge by the pieces of old Roman mosaic pavement and other ancient remains found in digging the foundations, it would seem that at a still earlier date there must have been a Roman palace there. At any rate, we may be sure that our school stands on a site of considerable interest, if we could only know the early history of the hill.

The motto on so many of the coins, "He who trusts in the Lord is not moved," seemed a most significant message to us in the discouraging and difficult days after the fire; and also at the opening of the new building at the first chapel service in the new building the words were taken as a text for the new year and the new school.

A number of the coins have already been sold in this country, and we hope to sell many more. Some have been used as watch fobs. Two of the larger ones would make a handsome belt buckle. We like to consider that each person who buys a coin has a share in the new building, as the proceeds of the sale will be applied to the rebuilding account. As much as thirty dollars has been offered for one of these coins. We hope to receive

at least a dollar apiece for the large ones, and fifty cents for the small ones. We hope, however, that some will wish to give more than the price of the coin, and so have a larger share in this far-reaching work.

Next year the Seminary is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. Would it not be a splendid thing if all the coins could be sold before that time? We should then have at least a thousand dollars toward the expenses of the building. Will you not help us? And will you not pray that in all the work of the school the old Latin motto of the coins may be exemplified, "Honor and glory to God alone"? Mrs. J. E. Merrill, now at the Missionary Home, Auburndale, Mass., has these coins for sale.

THE UNREST IN INDIA: WHAT IT MEANS AND HOW IT IS LIKELY TO AFFECT OUR MISSIONARY WORK

BY MRS. J. P. JONES

[Dr. and Mrs. Jones have been missionaries in Madura, Southern India, for more than thirty years.]

WE are beginning to see in our day a new light arising in the East. Patriotism in Japan, revolt in Persia, revolution in Turkey, reform in China and unrest in India all show the same thing. They are signs that the East is trying to find herself. We are accustomed to speak of the East as old, but there is a young Turk, a young Chinaman, a young Indian, to be reckoned with. The unrest of India is largely the unrest of adolescence. Perhaps parents never need more wisdom than when their children begin to chafe at control, and to seek independence. To give up rule, and yet stand ready to help before disaster comes, to keep the affection and loyalty of the child, and yet let him acquire his own experience, is the difficult path. Perhaps just this wisdom is needed in the East.



MRS. J. P. JONES

Of all the lands of the East no one has been so much influenced by the West as India. The British government has been paternal and just. It has brought a peace never before known. It has stood for education, sanitation,

industrial advance and modern improvements. It has pushed the railroad and telegraph, and built hospitals and schools. It has decreed that famine shall be robbed of many of its victims, and sets all the machinery of government at work to furnish employment and food in the dire crises of the land. It has brought modern medicines and surgery within reach, and it struggles, always manfully, if not successfully, with plague and smallpox and cholera. It has wrought for western justice a respect that makes one proud of his race and color. It has called upon the men of the land to take their part in this work. And now what wonder if the educated Indian feels that he has learned the lesson, and that now India should be for the Indians. It is true that the greater number of government offices are now in the hands of the Indians. The fact remains that much of the money of India goes to these highly paid foreigners, and many a really loyal Indian asks, "Why this waste?"

Every year fifteen thousand students graduate from the universities, and more than eight million dollars is spent annually for education. This means that many every year are looking for work to do, and posts to fill. And this young India, this half-trained, undisciplined India, is filled with the divine discontent of youth, and wants something, she hardly knows what, but more of freedom and independence. Why should England rule India at all? Why should poverty-stricken India furnish wealth and position for even a few of England's younger sons? Why should the Indian empire be the reflected glory of the British Raj, and not shine a sun by her own light? The partition of Bengal furnished a pretext, the victory of Japan afforded an inspiration, but the time was ripe for a change in attitude toward the ruling power.

We may consider four classes in regard to this unrest. The Moderates (who include the greater number of the educated men of the land) feel that it is impossible that India, without unity of interests, of language, or race, should rule herself, and only ask for a larger share and opportunity to be given to the Indian. They wish the freedom of Canada or Australia, under British protection.

Secondly, come the extremists, comparatively few in number, but the dangerous class, with the temper of the fanatic, and the courage of a forlorn hope. They insist that nothing can be worse than the British rule, and their utterances incite schoolboys, who should have no place in politics, to the bomb and the revolver. This class is not large enough to make a second mutiny at all likely, but if it reaches and inflames the mass of the people that now know and care nothing about the question, no one can tell what may follow. A third class is entirely loyal to the British rule, and looks for

nothing better. This class includes such various peoples and interests as the Mohammedans, the rulers of the native states and the native Christians. There is a fourth class—that does not know itself as a class, but is larger than all the others. These people of the fourth estate, the mass of Indian peasants, accept the rule of government as they do the will of the gods. With them life is such a struggle with hunger that one only keeps a patient watch upon the clouds, hoping that the heavens will help mother earth to respond to their need. And that struggle for food for one's self, and those dear to one, constitutes all of life to multitudes. Should this class be worked upon to feel that the food problem would be easier without England, it would prove a terrible power.

This unrest of India has a distinct bearing upon missionary work. Twenty or thirty years ago we complained much of the indifference of the people. But now the parties of unrest have harked back to old national ideals, and especially to the national faith of Hinduism. The call of *Bande Matheram* (Hail Mother) is applied to the motherland, and also to Kali and her worship. The festivals have a new interest, and there is less willingness to learn from the foreigner. The missionary does not feel a great difference in the way he is met by the Hindu, but is conscious of a subtle undercurrent of hostility to him, his race, his color and his faith. We have in the past done most of our work for the lower classes. Perhaps this is the time to make a more earnest endeavor to reach those higher. To that end our mission schools must be the best schools, our teachers the best teachers, we ourselves must be at the front in sympathy, in friendship, in fellowship.

We have probably lost some opportunities in the past. We must not lose those of the present. It is a time for the exercise of all tact, all brotherliness and all charity, that we may not lose the ground we have gained. It is a time for the exercise of all gifts, of all personal power, that we may more rapidly advance. We may have less influence as foreigners, but we may gain more as friends and neighbors. And if we can send out the Christian men and women of our training, among their own people, they will influence more than we can reach. I do not mean to say that our work is seriously hindered in any department. It is more that we are conscious of a feeling that makes us question whether there is hostility or not. It is a time for work, a time for prayer, a time for faith. It is above all a time for the expression of love and sympathy for those ancient peoples struggling with the problems of a new life.

THE national hymn of China is so long that it takes half a day to render it.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN BURMA

BY MRS. A. H. JOHNSON

CHRISTIAN missions in Burma sprang into being in 1813—nearly a century ago. Dr. Adoniram Judson and his devoted young wife, the pioneer missionaries, landed first in Rangoon, the capital of Burma. The interesting and pathetic story of their early missionary life is familiar to every student of missions. It is an accepted fact that there is no religion that missionaries find it so difficult to work against as Buddhism. The Buddhists of Burma were no exception to the rule. It was six years before the first convert was baptized by the missionaries to Burma. Now there are churches, schools, a college, and various other institutions among the



DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON



MRS. ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON

Burmans proper, as evidence of the power of the gospel against even such a powerful foe as Buddhism must ever remain.

But the great work of the Baptist missions has been accomplished among the Karen tribes, who number a population of seven hundred and fourteen thousand. These people are the most important of all the subject tribes of Burma, and live chiefly among the lowlands or jungle lands, though some tribes are to be found among the higher mountain regions. The origin of the Karens is not definitely known. But they are Eurasians, lighter in color than the true Burmese, gentler and more friendly in manner. It is surmised that their early ancestors migrated in pre-historic times from western China.

Though the missionaries found them ignorant and superstitious, poor and degraded, yet certain traditions which had been handed down from father to son indicated a knowledge among their ancestors of early Biblical history. They had jealously guarded the stories of the creation, the fall, the flood, etc., also believed in one God, and observed certain rules of morality not common to Orientals. They had been taught to expect "a white man who would come from the West, with a book in his hand," from which he would teach them "about this one God, and how to love their neighbors." No trace of the origin of these traditions has been discovered. But thus were the Karens prepared to receive with joy the first white teacher who



BUDDHIST MONASTERY NEAR MANDALAY

brought them "the Book" of Life. "You have come, you have come," they joyfully exclaimed, "we have wearied waiting so long for you!"

They had in some ways remained obedient to their traditions, for they had no idols, and worshiped the one God. One wife, too, to whom they were faithful, was the rule. But many superstitions and wrong practices had crept in, fostered by the near neighborhood and cruel rule of Buddhism. Instead of worshiping idols, they made propitiatory offerings to *nats* or "demons," to whose evil influence they ascribed all the ills of life. A British official testifies as follows to the beneficent effect of Christianity among the Karens. "Forty years ago they were a despised, groveling people. They were timid and held in contempt by the Burmese. At the

sound of the gospel message they sprang to their feet. The dream of centuries was fulfilled—God had come back to them. They became a nation once more.”

The first Karen convert was baptized in 1828. His name was Ko Tha Bya. He proved to be a most remarkable man—completely transformed by the power of God—and a great help to the missionaries.

In 1852 the Baptist missions in Burma numbered six thousand converts; the latest computation reports thirty-five thousand communicants. With these figures it is easy to note the cumulative progress in their work.

The chief food of the Karens is rice, their principal employment its cultivation. Each year new rice fields must be sown, and to be near them new houses must be built and moved into. Happily the simplicity of these homes, and of their interior furnishings, makes this annual migration less onerous than would at first appear.

Four bamboo posts are first driven into the ground, and bamboo beams fastened to them several feet from the ground. The walls and floors are of bamboo, the roof of thatch or mats. A hearth of pounded earth, a few stones on which are set the “chatties” for cooking, a large tray or basket for cooked rice, a few cone-shaped baskets and mats, some cotton blankets and vessels for water—and the Karen home is complete.

It is in a house like this that Mah Yu lives. She is old, and her eight children live near, but since she was baptized they will not speak to her. Christian neighbors bring her food as she, almost blind, sits on a hard, smoky plank. But she says, “I gave my heart to the Son of God, and I found great peace. I am going to him before long.” Her face seems to shine as she sings, “My faith looks up to thee,” or “My heavenly home is bright and fair.” It is plain to see that she understands and believes every word.

Another dear old Karen saint says, “I hope when God calls me home I shall be in church worshiping him.” There is no place so dear to her, and it is from there she wishes to go straight to heaven.

A young woman visiting the station asked, “Is this heaven?” when she heard the singing at prayers. The next day she returned to her jungle home, laden with a Testament and other books, to sow the precious seed among her heathen friends.

“We do not wish to be Christians,” said two women who were brought to the Bible Class. “But you will come to our meeting, and hear us pray and sing?” said the missionary. “We will not come,” they said in angry tones. But the first Sunday they came to the chapel steps and listened. The second Sunday they came to the door; the third they were seated side

by side with the Christians. Before the rainy season was over they were baptized, and it would be hard to find two happier women. To-day they are shining lights in their jungle village, bringing up their children in the fear of the Lord, and exerting a most beneficent influence over their neighbors.

By contrast. We see a Burman mother trying to force her small child to caress an idol. The idol may be a headless block of wood, and the child does not like it, and cries for another she thinks prettier, but the mother insists, and the child must yield, however she may struggle.

Everywhere our missionaries meet with sights that pain them to the heart. Here, it may be, in the bazaar, a woman with her tiny child seated beside her on a high stool. A crowd has gathered around them. The mother stoops often and whispers into the child's ears, and the baby voice with broken utterance calls with the words his mother has said to him. The listening crowd laughs, and throws the baby bits of money to show its approbation. What has the little child said to excite such merriment. Alas for the infant mind, so early taught to earn money by repeating words too vile to be mentioned here.

Farther on it may be a heathen funeral that is approaching, with the clashing of cymbals, the beating of tom-toms and the shrieking of wind instruments. Professional dancers lead the procession followed by the band. This, added to the above-mentioned instruments, consists of wooden clappers, a wagon loaded with perhaps twenty drums, chanting by the priests and gongs. Then comes the tiny coffin of a baby, covered with purple plush, and surrounded by strips of vari-colored silks for offerings. The poor mother follows with her hands resting on the coffin, as if she would take back her child that death has claimed. The hopelessness and grief in her face would touch the hardest heart. Poor mother, without God and without hope in the world. Let us contrast this with a Christian funeral of a little child.

The friends quietly gather around the table where lies the coffin surrounded with fragrant lilies and roses. A sweet hymn is sung, a prayer offered, a few words spoken of the Christian's hope of the Resurrection—these translated into Burmese by the father of the child. Another hymn, and the benediction, then four young men, Christians, gently carry the coffin to the grave, followed by the silent procession of friends. With a prayer and a hymn of trust and hope the little form is laid away. There is pain and sorrow here, too, but with it is mingled the Christian's sweet hope and joy, the looking forward to a happy meeting in the glad hereafter.

The heathen, in their longing for peace, work hard for money to give to

the priests, make offerings to the idols, travel miles on foot to the large pagodas, give feasts, dig wells for the comfort of the wayfarer, often with only their poor crippled hands for tools. But, alas, the peace they seek is not for them until the "Jesus Christ teacher" comes, and tells them how to find it. "I gave my heart to the son of God," said Mah Yu, "and I found great peace. I am going to him before long."

IN TOUCH WITH CIRCASSIANS

BY MISS LILLIAN F. COLE

[We read frequently of the Circassians in Turkey, but our missionaries have little to do with them, and the letters seldom mention them. So we are the more glad to print this story by Miss Cole, who is a nurse in Sivas. After telling somewhat of Abdul, a bright little lad, who had been under her care in the hospital, she describes her trip to his home.—ED.]

I HAD been on a medical tour with Dr. Clark and our druggist. We had spent ten days at one of our out-stations, and were returning to Sivas. We had had a warm invitation to visit him, and we found we were only a day from his village, and I was very anxious to hear how he was, so we decided we would take it in on our way home, although it was a little off the regular road. Some Turks had come for Dr. Clark the morning we were to start, to take him to visit a patient in a village that lay in another direction. Planning to meet at noon in a certain village, Krekor Effendi and I, with the load, started off in one direction and Dr. Clark and his men in another. We found later in the morning that it would be impossible to reach the Circassian village that night if we stopped to meet the doctor, as we had planned, so we decided to go on, knowing that he would understand if he did not find us there.

We had very poor horses, and so were obliged to travel very slowly. About four that afternoon we reached a large Armenian town, and some of the people there tried to persuade us not to go on, as they said the road was very dangerous after dark, and we were still some hours from Chammurlu, but we felt we must push on, thinking that Dr. Clark might arrive before



CIRCASSIAN POLICE OFFICER

we did, and be worried if he did not find us there, as our day was said to be a short one. Our horses grew pretty tired, and went slower and slower, and then the sun went down, and we got off the road, and traveled on for some time before meeting anyone to direct us. Finally we met a shepherd boy, who told us the village was near by. A little later we found the road, and saw the lights of the village. We had no idea where the house was, but went up to one whose door was open, and inquired where Abdul Kader's father lived.

A small boy was sent to show us the way, but he took us to the wrong house. An old man came out, and was very angry with us when Krekor Effendi told him that we had been told that Osman Effendi lived there. He said he guessed he knew better than any small boy who lived in that house, and seemed to take it as a personal insult. I was rather alarmed at his manner, not knowing what he might do, and I knew that Circassians were always armed, so we went up to another house, and this time were taken to the right place. Our guide called in at the open window to Abdul's father, saying a guest had arrived from Sivas. It was very dark outside, and when he appeared I asked him if he knew me; he recognized my voice at once, and such a warm welcome as we had. He said Abdul was asking every day if he thought we would come. It seemed good to get to a place where people were glad to see us. Abdul was in bed, but sprang up when he heard us, and I do not think he was any more glad to see us than we were to see him. Dr. Clark had told me that we might not find him living. He said, "I have thought of the hospital every day since I left."

In a few minutes his mother and little sister, a girl of thirteen, came in, and embraced me most affectionately, and thanked me for the care we had given Abdul in the hospital. Meanwhile Krekor Effendi had been taken to the guest room reserved for men. Their manner of embracing is peculiar; first they embrace on the right and then on the left side, repeating this several times. They also shake hands, too, but do not shake the hand as we do, but hold it for about a minute or two in a very solemn manner.

After the family had all bid me welcome, they brought in a wool bed and put it on the divan and insisted upon my curling up upon it with pillows behind me. After this a glass of warm milk was brought me by the little sister, and later a most delicious supper. The mother and Abdul shared this with me. Before we began to eat I said to Abdul, "You know it is our custom to ask a blessing upon our food before we partake of it;" he said, "Yes, I know it, and it is a beautiful custom. We do not do it; I should like to, but the only prayer I know is 'Our Father which art in heaven,' which I learned in the hospital." Of course I told him it was not

necessary to have any set prayer, and he seemed relieved. Always after that he would ask me to ask the blessing before we ate.

After supper other members of the family came in to greet the guest, saying they had heard that Abdul's sister had arrived (they always called me this as did Abdul). I could not talk much directly to the women as their language was Circassian and they knew very little Turkish, but we sat and smiled at each other for awhile, and then they said I must be tired after my long journey and left. The father came in and asked me if I would have my own bed or one of theirs; I said as they pleased, and they decided that I would be more comfortable on my own bed, so I showed them how to set up my traveling bedstead, and they thought it was very wonderful. Abdul's father helped me make it. I thought then that it was the first time I had had a Circassian help me do that. All the family looked on and admired my bedding. Their beds and bedding were all piled up in a curtained closet in this room, as is the custom in this land; so after taking these out they bade me good night and left me.

Early in the morning they brought another glass of hot milk, and later we had a breakfast of hot bread, cheese, tea and delicious kaymak (a dish prepared from cream). After breakfast Abdul brought his Bible that we had given him in the hospital, and told me he read from it and prayed every day as he had said he would. We then read a little together. His father came in and sat and listened and when we finished said it was a good book and very helpful. Later in the morning some of the young girls of the village called, and they were so pretty and well-bred I was charmed with them. They had brought their sewing, and we sat and talked, Abdul acting as interpreter.

I asked them about their marriage customs, and they told me that until a girl married she was perfectly free and could talk with young men, but after marriage their customs were much more strict and a wife was only supposed to see her husband and her near male relatives. None of the women were veiled. When a young man becomes engaged he gives at least twenty pounds to the girl's father, and at the time of marriage a pair of oxen and a pair of sheep. The girls usually marry before twenty. They were surprised to hear that in America a man did not have to give anything for his wife.

The girls were tall and very graceful and wore dresses made with rather short waists and long skirts quite full. The women and girls were dressed very well, the children in old patched clothes. Most of the girls wore a kind of bodice made of silver or some kind of metal that answered the same purpose as a corset. I found they admired small waists and slender people very much, quite different from Turkish people.

Later in the morning they invited me to visit the farmyard where I saw many sheep. They all keep great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and many horses, beautiful horses, but they were out at pasture and so I did not see them. We then went to visit the wife of the brother of our host; there they asked me if I would like to see some of the Circassian dances. Several of the brothers of the wife came in and a young unmarried sister played on an accordion, and danced with the different brothers, meanwhile playing the accordion. The music was wild and weird; the girl's part consisted in walking around very quickly and gracefully, the young man followed dancing around her looking at her attentively, but never touching her, and the effect was very pretty. They told me that married women never take part in any of these dances, and couples dance by turns.

At supper we all sat on the floor and ate from a little round table. Just about dusk Dr. Clark arrived, and in the evening he looked at some patients. A young married woman had consulted me in the morning, and I felt she ought to see the doctor. Her husband was not at home, and so it was very hard to get permission to take the doctor to see her. Finally, two of her brothers, both armed, stayed in the room, and when the doctor asked them if they would step outside they did so very reluctantly, and only after Abdul had used a good deal of persuasion. A number of young men came in to call later in the evening, all looking very picturesque with their full trousers, long coats full at the bottom and small at the waist and flowing sleeves. They also were armed with sword and pistols.

The Circassians in this country are usually rich farmers and have some of the best farming land in the country. Many of them are immigrating from Russia to this country, finding the conditions much easier here, and then it is said that special favor is shown them as they make loyal Turkish subjects. Their attitude toward women is quite different from that of the Turk, although they, too, are Mohammedans.

The Circassian women that I have seen seem happy and contented. I asked them here why they did not send their girls to school. They answered that they only knew Circassian and how could they learn in another language. (Circassian is not a written language.) I assured them if they would only send us some of their girls we would teach them without any trouble. Then they laughed and said, "Girls don't need to go to school; if they know music and housekeeping, that is enough." Their women do not work in the fields, only do their housework and sewing. This is always done by hand. I asked them why they did not use sewing machines. They said they had so much time with nothing to do they liked to sew by hand.

I found them quite different from uneducated Turkish women, who are

more like children. These women seemed to have a good deal of character, and are, I imagine, more like the Anglo-Saxon women before the days of education for women. They seemed very charming to me. They took a very feminine interest in my clothes and especially in my hat, but it was all done in a polite way.

We were up before daylight the next morning, and our host and hostess had a nice breakfast prepared for us. They had not only entertained us, but our drivers as well. Hospitality is one of the beautiful things about this country.

Then they bade us Godspeed, urging us to come again, and Abdul said if God willed he would be with us in a few weeks. We are waiting for him, and praying that his life may be spared, for we feel sure that he will, if he lives, be a great power for good in this land. When these Circassians accept Christ, as we believe they will some day, they are going to make strong Christians; quite different, I believe, from some other nations that bear that name.

HASMIG BAGDASARIAN—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I WAS born in a small village, surrounded by beautiful mountains and hills, covered in the spring with lovely wild flowers of various kinds. In winter the ground in the village is covered with deep snow. Wolves and foxes find no food in the mountains, so they come down to the plain for dogs and sheep.

In the village where I was born there was no school. Nobody knew how to read, and there was no chance of learning. My eldest brother, who was twelve years old, was very anxious to learn. One day he ran away from home to a monastery one day's journey from the village. Both my father and mother went to bring him back, but he did not come. After some years he came back and opened a school for boys only, for it was not considered proper for the girls to read. It was a shame to see a book in a girl's hand. Yet I wanted to learn very much. It was not easy to find pen, ink and paper; I had to work very hard to provide them. I had to work secretly at first, using large, flat stones for paper, charcoal for ink, and an inkstand made of clay; for a pen I used a hemp stem. I was quite pleased with this discovery, but only for a little while; then I wanted something that I could carry with me in my pocket. I thought of using a white onion skin as paper. The leaves were very small. I used lampblack for ink and a bird's feather for pen. This, also, did not satisfy me for long, because as soon as the onion skin began to dry it got crushed in my pocket.

There was a castle in the village that belonged to a great Koord, and the windows had paper instead of glass. In spring they always tear them down. I was glad to get a few pieces which were better than what I had before, although I worked secretly, for the fear of being forbidden. My brother found out how hard I was working, gave me a book and tried to teach me, but I was not a quick learner. Whenever anybody came to the house I used to cover up the book with my apron. One day my father said he would like to move his family to the city, where the children would go to school and learn to read freely. So did he. I was taken as a nurse, and Mrs. Raynolds taught me how to read the Bible. After some time came Miss



ARMENIAN MONASTERY NEAR VAN

Johnson and Miss Kimball as teachers, and I wanted so much to go to school, but was not allowed to. I thought if I shut myself in a room, without eating, and always prayed, God would soften the heart of the one who did not let me go; and I promised God to work for him if he would arrange my going to school. So did he, and now I am working for him, although unworthily.

I have a mother and three brothers, with their families. One of the three is in America—a preacher. The younger brother is teaching in the same school where I am; he has the drawing and writing lessons. My third brother is a cook. He did not have a chance to go to school like the rest of

us, when my father and eldest brother died, leaving a family of nine members to be taken care of. (The brother was married and had children.) He was the eldest, and gave his time for us, sending us to school. Thus he humbled himself to help others. He remained ignorant for our sakes. From this deed of his I understand well how Jesus became poor for others, and how he humbled himself for others.

My work in the school has been kindergarten, Bible classes and embroidery. A box of Christmas presents, sent by Sunday-school children in America, has come to us. These American children have taught our little ones to do something for others to make them happy in Christmas Day. Sometimes they dress and feed two very poor ones; sometimes each class feed the poor that are among them. This winter I have a Sunday-school class of forty-four girls. These girls are going to do something in Christmas Day for the poor. I would like to tell you how they got their money. In a week they gave up one evening meal, in another week they gave up their noon meal. They did the same thing in other two weeks.

Out of school work I am on the evangelistic committee. The work of this committee is to visit all the villages where the gospel is preached. Besides this, we have a society, the members of which have done different things different years. In the last they bought the organ and three large lamps for the church. This winter they got some wood for the church, to keep it nice and warm for the people, and also some oil for the lamps.

(To be continued.)

GOING TO SCHOOL IN BURMA

SHORTLY after the native college was opened at Rangoon, the head, the Reverend Dr. Marks, says in the *Church Family Paper*, that the king of Burma came to him and asked if he would teach some of his sons. When he agreed, the king asked, "What ages do you like them at?"

"From twelve to fourteen."

The king turned to one of his assistants and commanded:—

"Bring all my sons between twelve and fourteen to me."

Nine princes came in.

Four came to school the next day, each riding on an elephant, and with two golden umbrellas. Each, also, was escorted by forty soldiers. Afterward the whole nine came. So there were nine princes, nine elephants, eighteen golden umbrellas and three hundred and sixty soldiers.

Unlike Mary's lamb, Dr. Marks says, the elephants stayed outside, but

when the princes came into the schoolroom all the other boys threw themselves flat down with their faces to the ground—it was forbidden for anyone to stand or sit in the presence of princes.

Dr. Marks found this state of things very inconvenient, and put the matter to the princes. They talked the situation over, and made up their minds what to do.

“You fellows may get up,” one of the princes said. “You need not be frightened.”

“After that,” says Dr. Marks, “we had very little difficulty on the score of etiquette. The king took the greatest interest in the education of his sons, and they were among the most diligent and affectionate pupils I ever had.”—*Youth's Companion*.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE strange experience of a manuscript belonging to Dr. Adoniram Judson may be worth recalling in connection with the study of missions in Burma.

At the time of the war between the English and the Burmese, it will be remembered that Dr. Judson with other foreigners suffered imprisonment at Ava, and endured most cruel treatment. When finally his wife, Mrs. Ann Hasseltine Judson, was allowed to see him and to converse with him in English, one of his first inquiries was for the manuscript translation of the New Testament which he had nearly completed at the time of his arrest. Mrs. Judson told her husband that she had buried it in the ground beneath the floor of her home, together with her silver and a few other treasures. Both realized that the manuscript would be liable to injury from damp and mould, as the rainy season was approaching. Various plans were proposed for its preservation; finally it was decided to sew up the sheets of paper in a small pillow so mean in appearance that no Burman would covet it. The pillow was brought to Dr. Judson to be used as a part of his bed furnishing, for by this time his wife had been allowed to supply a few such comforts for the prisoners. After several months the treatment of the captives grew more harsh. One night a band of ruffians burst in upon them, and snatched the bed covers and mattresses as well as much of their clothing; and these articles they carried away after taunting their victims with abusive words. Among the articles stolen was the little pillow. Later Mrs. Judson discovered that this was in the possession of the keeper of the prison, and she persuaded him to exchange it for a newer and better one. Doubtless he wondered at the taste of these Americans who were willing to give “new

lamps for old." This was not the last mishap to the precious cushion. When the prisoners, under sentence of death, were transferred to another Burmese town, one of their guard unrolled a mat that was wrapped around this pillow, and contemptuously tossed the contents aside into the jungle. A few hours after a native who loved the missionary found this sole relic of his friend and carried it to his home as a reminder of the past, and several months later it came again into the possession of the Judsons.

A BIRD'S MINISTRY

BY MRS. EMILY CHUBBUCK JUDSON (FANNY FORRESTER)

From his home in an Eastern bungalow
 In sight of the everlasting snow
 Of the grand Himalayas, row on row,
 Thus wrote my friend: "I had traveled far
 From the Afghan towers of Candahar,
 Through the sand-white plains of Sinda-Sagar;"
 And once when the daily march was o'er,
 As tired I sat in my tented door,
 Hope failed me, as never it failed before.
 In swarming city, at wayside fane,
 By the Indus' bank, on the scorching plain,
 I had taught, and my teaching all seemed vain.
 No glimmer of light," I sighed, "appears;
 The Moslem's 'fate' and the Buddhist's fears
 Have gloomed their worship this thousand years.
 "For Christ and his truth I stand alone
 In the midst of millions—a sand grain blown
 Against yon temple of ancient stone
 "As soon may level it." Faith forsook
 My soul, as I turned on the pile to look,
 Then rising, my saddened way I took
 To its lofty roof for the cooler air.
 I gazed and marveled; how crumbled were
 The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!
 For, wedged in a rift of the massive stone,
 Most plainly rent by its roots alone,
 A beautiful peepul tree had grown:
 Whose gradual stress would still expand
 The crevice, and topple upon the strand
 The temple, while o'er its wreck should stand
 The tree in its living verdure. Who
 Could compass the thought? The bird that flew
 Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,
 Did more to shiver this ancient wall
 Than earthquake, war, simoom, or all
 The centuries in their lapse and fall.
 Then I knelt by the riven granite there,
 And my soul shook off its weight of care,
 As my voice rose clear on the tropic air:
 "The living seeds I have dropped remain
 In the cleft; Lord, quicken with dew and rain,
 Then temple and mosque shall be rent in twain."

CHEER AT OTARU, JAPAN

Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett are the only missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M. in this important station. The latter gives a vivid picture of some promising things in their field:—

WHEN you come, whether it is in June, October (or any time between, which ever way you count) you are liable to need rubber boots. You cannot imagine the ruts and stones in good weather and there is mud to swim in besides. The snow is our salvation, when it comes to getting about, and fortunately, we have it several months every year.



GUARDIAN GOD IN JAPAN

Our new church building has given a new zest to the regular services, and we have had over twenty baptisms this fall. The pastor went away in October, so that Mr. Bartlett and the Bible woman have been very busy. Mr. Bartlett has been greatly impressed with the way in which the deacons have looked after the new members, as he has crossed their trail repeatedly in his rounds of pastoral calls.

Some of the Christians are very enthusiastic over Bible classes, to which they invite their friends. Mr. Bartlett's latest one is for men connected with the railroad. One of the engineers arranged for it, and the station master and quite a number of employees seem much interested. The meetings are held in a railroad car, heated and lighted for the occasion. Last time there were eighteen men present.

My small Sunday school is quite a success, I think, though I have too many big boys to have it as cosy as it was when more little girls and their baby brothers came. I began with absolutely raw material, and the first Sunday's talk was largely a Japanese Fairy Tale with a moral hitched to a hymn. Gradually we have drawn in a few children from Christian homes, and worked around to the regular Sunday-school lessons. Last week most of the big boys were off on a rabbit hunt, but they made the littler chaps save their lesson papers because it would be a bore not to keep track of the

lesson so as to answer up on the review! The life of David, as they tell it, would surprise you, perhaps, but it is thrilling just the same. I have offered prizes for perfect recitations next week of the twenty-third psalm. I gave them their choice between a copy of Mrs. Nagasaka's little book of songs and an ordinary hymn book. They nearly all chose Snow Flakes (the smaller one), and then to my surprise one of the boys looked up the prices and announced them to the assembled multitude.

Our woman's society meets twice a month now. Once they have a talk on a Bible character at the church, and the other meeting is in a private house, with the leader chosen by the hostess. We had a most delightful meeting in October, when Miss Cozad came down to speak to us.

The luxury of many of the homes here is a contrast to most of the places I have known in the south, but how the poor people keep soul and body together is even more of a mystery here than there. There is plenty to do in Otaru, and all the churches seem to be busy and hopeful. We missionaries have all had Thanksgiving dinner together to-day. There are only two families and three single ladies, but I think we have not all been together since last Thanksgiving Day, and we had a very jolly time.

STUDYING MARATHI

AND here I should like to say a word about the Marathi language. It is, according to Navalkar (who wrote the grammar we have to study), a language every form of which is "instinct with life and reason." To quote him again, "The Marathi alphabet is most perfect, every letter being assigned in it the exact place it is entitled to, in harmony with the scientific laws of utterance." Yes, it is so perfect that for our twenty-six letters it has fifty-two! And not content with simple forms, there are one hundred and thirty-one compound forms to learn in addition as well as two forms of each of the vowels. We don't know how to make reading difficult in England! In Marathi there are four "d's," four "t's," two "l's," and so on, and to make the difference, one's tongue has to go through wonderful gymnastic feats. After this I do not need to add that it is at once "the most difficult, and the richest and most beautiful of the Sanscritic languages." At the end of three days' hard study I wrote the letters inside out and upside down, and the different "d's" and "t's," "n's" and "sh's," were in a hopeless wilderness in my mind! When you get to this point, your knowledge of Marathi has begun. Half the battle is to recognize the strength of one's opponent, and in which direction the pitfalls lie. To pass from pronunciation to the

next point, grammar. Everything is inflected, and instead of *pre*-positions there are *post*-positions, *i.e.*, instead of saying "for the sake of my child," in Marathi you say "my child for the sake of." The verbs are capable of all sorts of tenses and forms and constructions, and the genders are as complex as the "richest language," and one "instinct with life and reason" (Indian reason!) could desire! Point three to be considered is the idiom. You master the grammar so far that you can make a translation of an English sentence which is irreproachably accurate. The Pundit reads it, and says with a puzzled air, "What is it you wish to say?" You explain, and say anxiously, "Isn't that right?" He lets you down gently, "Well, it is correct, but—it is not Marathi." Idiom is a study for a life-time, and can only be learnt properly by mixing with the people. Perhaps you have got it in a measure, and go out to speak to the people. They look at you vacantly. You wonder what you have said wrong and think back. Perhaps it was a simple sentence, and you can find no fault with grammar or idiom or pronunciation—perhaps you have even used it in converse with the Pundit. But these people look as if you were speaking a foreign tongue.

What is wrong? The answer is not far to seek—accent and intonation. It makes all the difference to a village audience whether you speak with the same intonation and emphasis you would use in England, or with that of the people themselves. They think you are speaking English in the former case! But it is as hard to catch the accent as to get the idiom; and again the only way to get it is to mix with the people, to get saturated with it. The turn of the voice at the close of the sentence (and throughout) is a part, and an important part of language study in India, if you are to speak to the hearts of the people; but it is as fleeting and illusive as a half-remembered name. Yet every day rivets the bonds of attraction upon the Marathi student.—*Zenana*.

THE AWAKENING OF ASIA

BY J. M. HUBBARD

TO-DAY some Asiatic ports are among the leading ports of the world, and the value of the trade of Great Britain and the United States alone with Asia in 1906 was nearly one billion dollars. The Turkish government calls for contractors' estimates for an omnibus automobile route from Bagdad to Damascus, as these machines run over the vast deserts with wonderful ease and rapidity.

Railways from the coast to the coal mines in China, the largest and richest in the world, will probably be built in the near future.

But the mental awakening of Asia seems likely to exert an influence of far greater moment than its material production. The power of the Oriental memory is shown by the fact that hundreds of thousands of Chinese *literati* can repeat every sentence of the Confucian Classics, and even the children of peasants know and consider his maxims. How many English or American, old or young, can repeat the Bible, or even one book of it? Yet countless Moslems can repeat the whole of the Koran, which contains 77,639 words.

An idea of the extent of the literature of Persia is given by the fact that a volume, published in 1803, contains biographies and specimens of more than 3,000 Persian poets.

The primary and grammar schools in India enroll five million pupils, one fifth being girls, and 30,000 students are in the colleges. The printing press is active throughout the East, and in Japan, in 1906, 27,095 books were issued, and 1,775 periodicals, monthly, weekly and daily. In the capital of Persia are four great printing establishments and six daily papers.

In all Eastern countries the demand for governmental reform is accomplishing something, and will go on.

The Oriental mind differs from the Western. The latter deals more with facts, and gains a great variety of useful knowledge. The other is contemplative, with the habit of concentrating its powers on a single subject. We may expect from the Asiatic world entrancing contributions to poetry, drama and fiction, of which he is more fond than we. Especially may we look for remarkable elucidation of the truths taught in the Scriptures.

We find, also, a moral awakening, and the religion, whose fundamental commandments are to love God and one's neighbor, is being implanted in nearly every part of Asia, even in Tibet. Though missionaries may not enter that land hundreds of Tibetans cross the Himalayas every year to be treated at missionary hospitals, and go back to tell in their homes the simple truths of the Christian faith.

The position of woman is changing, and Christian homes are multiplying. Few of the million girls now in the schools of India will consent to lead the life of the harem or zenana. — *Condensed from the Youth's Companion.*

“PERHAPS God will let me stop off in America on my way to heaven,” said a little Karen boy to his teacher. Like many another he loves America for what his American Christian teacher has done for him.

MISSIONARY LETTERS

INDIA, MARATHI MISSION

This encouraging word, dated January 8, 1909, comes to us from Mrs. Winsor, of Sirur:—

Success still crowns all effort. During the Christmas holidays the masters of the Station School proposed to go on a preaching expedition with the blind boys' band. There were twelve in the group of preachers and workers, including singers and players on the instruments. They were most cordially received, were fairly feasted and paid some money for the concerts given. Think of it! Heathen, all castes, paying for the preaching and singing of gospel songs and hymns. I think you cannot ask for more, except for the conversion of the hearers.

WEST AFRICA

Miss Sarah Stimpson, who is now happily at work again after her recent furlough in America and Lisbon, feels the heavy burden of souls in darkness, and says:—

“I hope to go to the villages more. There are so many everywhere who do not hear the Word. It is so new and strange to them as I suppose it must necessarily be as strange as their words and doings are to us. We do pray that the Words of Life may be made plain to them. How much they need a Saviour! And how much we in civilized America ought to appreciate the blessings of Christianity. I'm sure that we ought to make much more advancement, having known the Word from our childhood. I am ashamed many times that I do not show forth his life more in everything; that I have not grown more like him. If only each one of his individual followers would let him work as he wishes in him what a power for good each one would be, and what an awakening there would be all over the world. My thoughts are with you at your Friday morning meetings. May each one who attends them be strengthened for his service. If I could only be there during the meeting, and then be dropped here.”

Miss Stimpson has just prepared a calendar in Umbundu for the use of the native Christians, with a Scripture text for each day, to be hung on the wall, like our Woman's Board calendar. The printing is very creditable, and the cord, twisted of red and white knitting cotton, gives a touch of color.

Mrs. William H. Sanders, of the same mission, tells a little of her work:—

We are now printing the Sunday-school Lessons for next year. Mr. Sanders is translating and preparing them. They are in First and Second Samuel. Those for the first six months will be stapled together in a booklet

by themselves, and the last six months in the same way. We have two young men in the printing room now, but I have to count the paper and oversee the work. Mr. Sanders helps me with proof reading and we also fold the sheets of each folio together. The boys take so long to do such work and make many mistakes, so that it is really easier in the end to do it ourselves.

For the past two weeks on Friday afternoon Miss Stimpson and I have gone to Okakoko—a village about an hour's walk from here—to invite the people to church on Sunday. There are quite a number of people at that village, but very few of them care for the words of God. All to whom we spoke promised to come, more yesterday than the previous Sunday.

At one house where we stopped last Friday, an old man came out to greet us. After we explained why we came, I asked him what a fetish, which was tied on a long stick near his door, was for. He said that it was what was used to cure the child of crying. It cried and cried all night, and would not nurse, so they doctored it with that, then it stopped crying and nursed, and they put the charm up on that stick. We would like very much to start a school at this village, but there is little use in forcing it on them. It seems better to wait until they ask for one, then they feel it is theirs and take more interest in it. Meanwhile we are trying to have them come on Sunday.

Last month Mr. Sanders was at Olutu, one of our out-stations, for almost two weeks. Every afternoon he preached at Olutu and every morning he preached at Kanyngombe, about twenty minutes' walk from Olutu. He had attentive audiences at both places, and the people came out in very good numbers. A new impetus was given to the work, and, with God's blessing, much permanent good done. Two weeks ago Miss Arnott went to Olutu to help in the schools for awhile, and she wrote that over sixty are in the morning school for children. A week ago Sunday over two hundred were at the morning service.

WESTERN TURKEY

Miss Dwight, of Cesarea, sends this word, and we hope the unknown donor, whose gift carried so much cheer, will read the extract:—

My main object in writing this letter is to thank you the unknown senders of a lovely box that came last week. I have no idea from where it is; it was sent to my name, and the money that was sent to cover the freight was sent "from the W. B. M.," so that is no clue. At any rate the gifts for the girls will certainly be appreciated, and I wish you could have seen the joy with which we hailed the thirty flannel petticoats. And as for the dainty collars and ties and scarf marked with my name, and the candy! You

cannot imagine how much we enjoy those things out here. Instead of keeping the candy for Christmas, as I had planned to do, I carried it on a sleighride we had the other night, and it was hailed with joy.

Mr. Fowle took seven of us on a moonlight sleighride, with sleighbells and tin horns and all. He said he thought it was the first time sleighbells had been heard in Cappadocia. It certainly seemed like America, though there were no other answering sleighbells. We get into such ruts here that anything like that does us a lot of good.



PROCESSION OF WAGONS GOING TO MEET NEW TEACHER

In a later letter Miss Dwight says:—

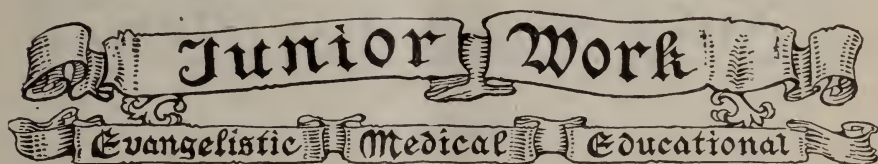
I think we shall be able to meet the increased expense of our own day schools without difficulty, for since we sent in the estimates, one or two schools have become self-supporting or have had to give up their teacher, and so are suspended. It always seems a dreadful thing to have a school stop where there has been one in a village, but sometimes there seems no other way. We have one unusual case this year. A large school at Bumucushla, one of our small villages is, while a school wholly for girls, taught by a man. The village is such that a girl could not go there alone to teach; the man was there; and we felt that it was to be fairly included under the head of girls' schools. The school for boys is separate.



ONE OF THE JUNIOR CLASS, TALAS

On the day school closed we had our usual program of recitations and music by the primary and upper schools combined. At the close of the program we lighted the tiny tree we had borrowed of Mrs. Irwin, and distributed the presents. We had something for everyone this year. It was such a delight to have dolls enough for all the little girls, and workbags or pin or needle cases for the bigger ones. Six of our eight Turkish children were present; two had been taken out in accordance with a protest from some of their head men. To-day when school began there was only one little girl out of all the eight. I do hope the others will come back.

The entertainment last evening was given under the auspices of the Ready and Willing Club of our girls' school. Miss Oozonian, one of our teachers, has charge of the club, and the little girls have been making fancy work all the fall at their weekly meetings. Inspired by the example of a play given at the boys' school for the benefit of the sufferers in Eastern Turkey, this club decided to get up an entertainment and hold a sale for the same purpose. The program was not a long one, almost entirely Armenian; the songs were truly Armenian and patriotic in character, while the dialogues all bore on the condition of the country. At the end came a conversation among the members of the club, telling of the work they had done, and especially of the purpose of the club. They brought in an imaginary poor child and presented her with food and clothing, after which twelve small angels appeared and chanted the words, "Come ye blessed of my Father," etc. After all this and some speeches by various gentlemen came an auction sale of the fancy work. I do not know how much they made, it is not all in yet, but it far exceeded our expectations. Miss Orvis and I had allowed it with fear and trembling, but we need not have feared. Everyone was pleased, and they gladly paid out money for their own countrymen. What especially has pleased us in this and other smaller events lately is the amount of initiative shown by our teachers. And it is the same way with the girls in the Christian Endeavor Society. They think of things themselves, and carry them out with only occasional help and suggestion from us.



HELPS FOR LEADERS

JUNIOR WORK IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY MISS LUCIA C. WITHERBY

THE Junior period in the Sunday school as well as in the day school is the time when the memory is most active. This is also the time when the most lasting habits are formed. Prayer and some systematic giving up for others can easily be made a habit now.

During waking hours the craze for collecting takes all the thought of the boy or girl out of school. Birds' eggs, postage stamps, coins and marbles

receive undivided attention at different times. The mother is almost distracted by the numbers of these precious collections, which are continually coming to light in unexpected places.

This change of interest gives the Sunday-school teacher an opportunity to help her scholars "to make things" for the "other boys and girls." Scrapbooks containing pictures to illustrate missionary lessons, which the teacher has studied with them, if exhibited at the end of the year, are great incentives to work.

The teacher's stories must now be about real people, and must be full of action. Boys and girls of this age are beginning to be hero worshipers. Customs and manners in nonchristian lands are interesting, and maps mean something, because children of this age are beginning to have an idea of distance. The sand tray is very useful in this work. Let your boys and girls build native houses, make sedan chairs and ancestral tablets and color pictures to make the story more true to life. The color will make the sand tray very attractive.

Tell them the stories of the great missionary heroes. Livingstone, Chalmers, Paton, Hamlin, Eliza Agnew, Mary Reed, the Ely sisters, in Bitlis, Turkey, and scores of others may become friends of your boys and girls. The influence of these God-fearing lives can help to keep them in the lines of greatest service. That, after all, is our aim in all this work.



PRAYER

“O THOU, who art the true Sun of the world, evermore rising, and never going down; who, by thy most wholesome and appearing sight, dost nourish and make joyful all things, as well that are in heaven as also that are on earth; we beseech thee mercifully and favorably to shine into our hearts, that the night and darkness of sin, and the mists of error on every side, being driven away, thou brightly shining within our hearts, we may all our life long go without any stumbling or offence, and may walk in the daytime, being pure and clean from the works of darkness, and abounding in all good works, which thou hast prepared for us to walk in. Amen.”—*Erasmus, 1467-1536.*

THE EASTER SUNRISE

BY E. B. S.

“ON the first day of the week, at early dawn, they came unto the tomb.”

Let us, with these ministering friends of our Lord, watch the breaking of day on this most blessed morn of all the centuries. The flashing constellations of an Eastern sky spangled the dark vault of heaven. As the huge bulk of our earth rolled steadily eastward, a faint light appeared upon the horizon, rapidly growing into tender rose color as the stars faded and vanished. The shadows that had shrouded all nature gave place to greater clearness, until all the dim hollows were illuminated by the rising sun.

The shadows of doubt and disaster lay heavy upon the hearts of the little group who drew near to the tomb where the body of their Lord had been laid. Questionings as to the obstacle that might thwart their plan arose in each heart, as they said one to another, “Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?” Yet it was not the heavy stone, so carefully sealed and guarded by Roman soldiers, that prevented their work. True, they returned to the city a little later with the spices and unguents still in their hands, but it was with a feeling of deep joy and gratitude because their mission had so blessedly miscarried. The Master had no need of the work of their hands, but he rewarded the devotion of their hearts by giving to them the earliest vision of the new day which was dawning upon the world.

As the daylight flooded all nature on that morning when our Lord rose from the dead, so shall the gospel light illuminate earth’s darkest shadows. We see its dawning only. We watch the growing outlines of beauty as one kingdom and then another catches the glow. But when the Sun of Righteousness shall be fully risen, no spot on earth shall be found so overhung by mountains of error, superstition or wickedness that it shall miss the glory of his shining upon it. Let us not only have patience to wait, but let us eagerly hail the advent which is so sure.

The poet tells us that “the morning stars sang together” once when they saw the miracle of a finished creation. It is our privilege to recognize an accomplished redemption, the swiftness of whose coming is like the beautiful feet of day’s messenger upon the mountain tops. And the day shall break, the shadows flee away.

“For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth and gross darkness the peoples; but Jehovah will arise upon thee and his glory shall be seen upon thee. Then thou shalt see and shalt be radiant, and thy heart shall thrill and be enlarged.”

EASTER THOUGHTS

“HE hath abolished death.” Death is not in itself an evil. To the tired one, it is rest. To the sufferer, it is relief. To the fettered soul, it is emancipation. To every believer in Christ, death is the gateway to bliss ineffable. It is the entrance into joys of which earth knows nothing. It is the vestibule of life.

The fear of death comes from its uncertainty. Its dread comes from the unknown darkness of the passageway. And more than all, the sting of death is sin. Christ’s achievement for the world is this: He has dealt a death blow to sin in the world. To the soul whose life is in Christ, death is robbed of its sting. Since Jesus rose from the grave, death hath no more dominion. . . .

Since the resurrection of Jesus the path to the grave is not downward but upward. Death is no longer the end but the beginning. Christ’s resurrection places a light in the window of the heavenly home, and the radiance of that light streams backward, flooding the dark valley of the shadow, so that multitudes of believing ones have come to the dark portal with a shout of victory. They have entered the unknown way with exultant confidence. Death for them has indeed been abolished, for it has become the entrance into life. . . .

He rose with a glorified body, and left for us the hope that after the river of death is crossed, God shall give to us such bodies as please him. Not bodies racked with pain and tormented with disease. No weak, distorted limbs, no blind eyes nor aching heads, no thorn in the flesh to buffet us, no physical infirmity to make life a burden and death a relief. Such are not the bodies “that please him.” . . . Christ’s glorified body seems not to have been subject to physical limitations. It was now on the road to Emmaus; now passing through closed doors in Jerusalem; now in Galilee; now rising from Mt. Olivet, through the clouds into heaven. It is in the power of God to give us such bodies as that, free from pain and infirmity, not hedged about by limitations of space and time. . . .

When Christ came forth from Joseph’s tomb he made men begin to know the power of an endless life. He set us free from all cramped conceptions of life, which shut us into the narrow bounds of three score years and ten. . . . Of this I am confident, the training I have given my body to enable it to do more efficient work here will not be lost there. The culture I have given my mind here will enable me there to grasp at once truths which otherwise I must wait long to apprehend. The nourishment I have given my soul here will make it strong for the spiritual work it has there to do.—
From Easter Visions, by Rev. C. A. Savage.

MRS. C. L. GOODELL

THIS name will recall an unusually attractive personality, and one who has added to the interest of many a missionary meeting, both home and foreign, by an illuminating Bible reading, such an expression of petitions in prayer as we are wont to call "gifted," or an address to which everyone would attentively listen.

Leaving her St. Louis home after the death of Dr. Goodell, Mrs. Goodell made her headquarters in Boston. She was for several years president of the Woman's Home Missionary Association, and during these same years and many more she was a director of the Woman's Board of Missions, always in her place when circumstances would allow, always ready by word or deed to do what she could to promote a cause dear to her heart.

She died in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Heald, in New Britain, Conn., February 18th, leaving a fragrant memory, fondly cherished by a host of friends.

E. H. S.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS

TOPIC FOR APRIL

THE NEARER AND THE FARTHER EAST—CHAPTER VI

BURMA

First the map lesson, with sketch of climate and productions. Then characteristics of inhabitants, customs and religion. An article in the *Atlantic* for September, 1908, entitled the Province of Burma, gives valuable information.

Let some one impersonate Dr. Judson and tell of his heroic work. While another speaks for the wife who shared his labors with devotion and suffering even more heroic. Several articles in this magazine give helpful material.

Get the Baptist publications, Ford Building, Boston, for information of their important missions in Burma, with picturesque stories of individuals. Pictures 16-20 fit this lesson.

BOOK NOTICES

Internationalism. By W. F. Crafts, Ph.D. Published by the International Reform Bureau, Washington, D. C.

This *brochure* of eighty-six pages is a primer of the science of internationalism with special reference to university debates. Its underlying purpose is to get the great subjects of missions and morals before university students by placing them in their highest scientific connection to the supreme human science of internationalism.

Dr. Crafts has waged valiant war against alcohol and opium and narcotics generally, against gambling and Sunday desecration.

He is the superintendent and treasurer of the Reform Bureau with headquarters at Washington, D. C., with general officers, trustees and district secretaries, with councils in Great Britain, Australasia and Eastern Asia.

This book might be used in connection with mission study classes to good purpose.

The eyes of the world are now fixed on countries that have been cursed with opium and the effort to prohibit its use and cultivation. This legal prohibition was carried into effect in the Philippines March 1st, and a similar law to keep the drug out of Hawaii is now pending. Constant vigilance is necessary to keep American beer, cigarettes and opium pills from these easily tempted peoples.

Daybreak in Turkey. By James L. Barton, D.D., secretary of the American Board. Published by The Pilgrim Press. Pp. 294. Price, \$1.50 net.

Coming so soon after the new Ottoman Constitution of July 24th had surprised the world, and having this most suggestive and pertinent title, one naturally supposed that our ever-alert secretary, Dr. Barton, had issued this book to meet the psychological moment. But he tells us in the foreword that "all except the concluding chapter was prepared some time before the 24th of July, 1908, and the entire work was at that time nearly ready for the press." Nevertheless the book is most timely. It has appeared when all eyes are turned toward Turkey.

Even the most persistent optimist was obliged to admit that there was almost no prospect of reform while the present Sultan is in power. And yet this "bloodless revolution" has happened in the reign of Abdul Hamid II, whom Dr. Barton considers "the most phenomenal person sitting upon any throne to-day."

Dr. Barton's seven years' residence in the heart of the empire as missionary of the American Board; his practical knowledge of some of the languages of the people of the country; his wide travel by horseback and otherwise through the length and breadth of Turkey, and his official connection with the American Board, which has given him such a knowledge of international questions that he has again and again been to Washington to plead for American rights in Turkey before Cabinet ministers—all this splendid equipment has enabled him to treat the Turkish problem in a masterly manner. The quotations from specialists at the beginning of each chapter show wide reading, and are most strategic.

No one should fail to read this book at this critical time in the history of the Ottoman Empire. And the twenty-seventh and closing chapter treats of

Constitutional Government, and so brings the book down to the present moment.

The volume is dedicated "To the revered memory of that noble company of men and women of all races and creeds who have toiled and sacrificed and died that Turkey might be free."

Adventures With Four-footed Folk. By Belle M. Brain. Published by Revell Company. Pp. 200. Price, \$1.00.

In the foreword it is stated that "the primary purpose of this collection of missionary animal stories is to interest boys."

"A secondary purpose is to strengthen the faith of Christians, young and old, in the promises of God."

There are more than fifty stories, and fully half of them tell of deliverances from dangers as remarkable as those recorded in the Bible, and as manifestly due to divine interposition.

When we learn that in India alone in the year 1900, between three and four thousand persons were killed by tigers and other beasts of prey, and that nearly twenty-six thousand perished from snake bites, we realize something of the dangers of tropical countries. But in all this number not a missionary's name is found. During the construction of the Mombasa-Lake Victoria Railway in Africa scores of natives and some white men were carried off, many of them being boldly snatched from open cars standing on the tracks.

These stories have been taken from missionary books as far as possible and, although necessarily condensed, they are faithful to facts.

This is an admirable Christmas gift for a boy.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS

THE TURKISH EMPIRE.—*The Fortnightly Review* for February has three articles bearing on Turkey: "The Real History of the Near Eastern Crisis;" "Afloat on the Tigris;" and "Scutari, Albania and the Constitution." *The Geographical Magazine* for February also has three articles: "The Mountaineers of the Euphrates;" "A Thousand Miles of Railway built for Pilgrims and not for Dividends," being a description of the railway from Damascus to Mecca; and "Scenes in Asia Minor," a collection of thirty-six illustrations of Turkish and Armenian life, mostly from the camera of Mr. Harry Wade Hicks. "The Balkan Crisis and the Macedonian Question," *Forum*, February. "What the Missionaries are doing in

Turkey," by Rev. Chas. T. Riggs, in *Missionary Review*, March. "Impressions of Islam in Constantinople," *Catholic World*, March.

AFRICA.—The *Review of Reviews* for March has three articles on Africa: "Africa in Transformation," "Problems in Africa," and "Bishop Hartzell and his Work in Africa." "The Noble Army of Martyrs in Madagascar," *Missionary Review*, March.

INDIA.—"Lord Morley's Indian Reforms," *Nineteenth Century*, February. "A Native Aspect of Indian Unrest," *Fortnightly Review*, February. "English Problems in India," *Yale Review*, February.

Articles of general interest are: "The World's Student Christian Federation in 1908," *The Intercollegian*, February; "Religion in Peru, Roman and Protestant," *Missionary Review*, March.

F. V. E.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

By invitation of the Franklin County Branch, our semi-annual meeting will be held in Greenfield, Mass., on Tuesday, May 18th—an all-day meeting beginning at half-past ten. This is a new neighborhood for this meeting and we shall look for a large representation, not only from Franklin County but from Hampshire, Berkshire, Springfield and New Haven Branches, as well as from the southern part of Vermont and New Hampshire, with a welcome to those who may take a longer journey. The program will include missionary addresses and other interesting exercises. Let the rallying cry of Semi-annual echo through the hills and valleys and along the banks of the Connecticut.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

Receipts from January 18 to February 18, 1909.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Eastern Maine Branch.—Mrs. J. S. Wheelwright, Treas., Bangor House, Bangor. Bangor, Aux., 25, First Ch., Pledge Cards, 4; Bremen, Ladies of Cong. Ch., 3; Calais, 25; Camden, Ladies of First Ch., 22,

7900

Western Maine Branch.—Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 52 Chadwick St., Portland. Coll. at Cumberland Co. Conf., Oct., 2.56, Jan., 3.84; Freeport, Aux., 10; Hallowell, Aux., In His Name, 5; Harpswell, C. E. Soc., 2; Hiram, East, C. E. Soc., 2; Portland, Semi-Annual Meeting

67.11, Bethel, Aux., Th. Off., 12, Dau. of Cov., 7.30, C. E. Soc., 25, High St. Ch., 98.76, Second Parish, Aux., Th. Off., 28.33, L. P. R., 25, State St., Aux., 57.50, Th. Off., add'l, 1; Westbrook, Cong. Ch., 18.86; Woodfords, Aux., 5.40. Less expenses, 10,

361 66

Total, 440 66

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Elizabeth A. Brickett, Treas., 69 No. Spring St.,

Concord, Hanover, Aux., 65; Hebron, A Shut In, "A memorial of my precious mother and sisters," 10; Milford, Aux., 10; Portsmouth, Mrs. E. P. Kimball, 25, 110 00

VERMONT.

Orwell.—Mrs. E. E. Young, 25 00
Vermont Branch.—Miss May E. Manley, Treas., Box 13, Pittsford. Chelsea, C. E. Soc., 6; Dummerston, Prim. S. S., 4; Fairlee, Aux., 12.60; Irasburg, 1.10; Middlebury, Aux., 25; Milton, Aux., 5; Montpelier, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1; Rutland, Aux., 106.35, Rutland, West, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Saxton's River, C. E. Soc., 10; Shoreham, Aux., 9.20; Springfield, Aux., 27; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 5.45, Missionary Round Table, 20; Waterville, C. E. Soc., 1; Woodstock, Aux., 33. Less expenses, 73.25 198 45

Total, 223 45

MASSACHUSETTS.

Friend, 5 00
 Through Miss C. R. Willard, Marsovan (Friends, 15, Amherst, Friend, 1, Boston, Mrs. Helen W. McElwain, 50; Dalton, Mrs. Louise F. Crane, 100, Mr. and Mrs. Zenas Crane, 100, Miss Clara L. Crane, 50; Northampton, Northampton School for Girls, 152, Friends, 15; Salem, Friend, 5), 488 00

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. Margaret E. Richardson, Treas., 22 Berkeley St., Reading. Andover, Seminary Ch., Aux., 6.25, South Ch., Aux., 25; Billerica, Aux., 2.50; Lawrence, Lawrence St., Aux., 6.50, South Ch., Aux., 9, Trinity Ch., Aux., 7.95, United Ch., Aux., 2.75; Linden, Ladies' Social Circle, 2.15; Lowell, Mrs. Kate Severy, 50, Eliot Ch., Aux., 22, High St. Ch., For. Miss. Dept. 50; Malden, Friend, 50, First Ch., Aux., 36; Melrose Highlands, Woman's League, 12.70; Methuen, Aux., 75 cts., Wakefield, Aux., 30, Mary Farnham Bliss Soc., 14, 327 55

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. Edward Tolman, Treas., 47 Reed St., Pittsfield. Lee, Senior Aux., Friend, 135, Friend, 165; Pittsfield, South Ch., Aux., 14.61; West Stockbridge, Aux., 15. Less expenses, 73 cts., 328 88

Essex South Branch.—Miss Sarah R. Safford, Treas., Hamilton, Lynnfield Centre, Aux., 15; Peabody, South Ch., Aux., 5; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., 10; Swampscott, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2, 32 00

Franklin Co. Branch.—Mrs. John P. Logan, Treas., 3 Grinnell St., Greenfield. Greenfield, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Abigail Nims), 25; Montague, Aux., 10.05, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2.50, Orange, Aux., 9.40, Light Bearers, 2.83, C. E. Soc., 10; South Deerfield, Aux., 15.51; Sunderland, Prim. S. S., 6.22, 81 51

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas., 8 Paradise Road, Northampton. Easthampton, Aux., 50.90; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 25.93; South Hadley, Work of 1909, 2, 78 83

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Frederick L. Clafin, Treas., 15 Park St., Marlboro. Natick, Ladies' Aux., 20; South Fram-

ingham, Grace Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 20; Wellesley, Wellesley College, Y. W. C. A., 250, 290 00

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 95 Maple St., Milton. Abington, S. S., 10; Braintree, Aux., 5.50; Braintree, South, Aux., 10; Brockton, First Ch., Aux., 5; Easton, Aux., Th. Off., 5; Halifax, Aux., 6; Hanover, Aux. (Th. Off., 2.25), 4.25; Hanson, Aux., 12; Marshfield, Aux., 5.52; Plympton, Aux. (Th. Off., add'l, 1), 2.50; Sharon, Aux. (Th. Off., 28.54), 29.73, C. R., 6.84, King's Dan., 8.43; So. Weymouth, Mrs. H. B. Reed, 25; Union Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 31.29) (with prev. contri. to const. L. M's Mrs. Ellis J. Pitcher, Miss Ann E. Torrey), 35.29; Whitman, Aux., Th. Off., 22.25, Wollaston, Aux., 20, 213 31

North Middlesex Branch.—Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Ashby, Ladies, 3, Aux., 40; Harvard, C. E. Soc., 5; Littleton, Aux., 4.50; Shirley, Aux., 4.50, So. Acton, Aux., 10, 67 00

Springfield Branch.—Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Springfield, First Ch., Opportunity Seekers, 4, Hope Ch., Aux., 75, South Ch., Aux., 45.50, Miss Carrie Lyon King (to const. L. M. Miss Harriet S. Rowley), 25, 149 50

Suffolk Branch.—Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Mrs. H. H. Leavitt, 20; Allston, Aux., 98.17; Auburndale, Aux., 125.45, Prim. S. S., 5; Boston, Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, 5, Central Ch., Miss. Study Cir., 223.75, Mt. Vernon Ch., Y. L. F. M. S., 50, Old South, Aux., 667.25, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 5, C. E. Soc., 5, Union Ch., Y. L. Aux., 15, Prim. S. S., 3; Brighton, Aux., 82.78, Pro Christo Club, 15; Brookline, Leyden Ch., For. Dept. Woman's Union, 94.80; Cambridge, Miss S. K. Sparrow, 5, First Ch., Aux., 16, Shepard Guild, 15; North Ave. Ch., Y. L. F. M. S., 1.75, Pilgrim Ch., Woman's Missy Soc., 24.26, Prim. Dept., S. S., 3.60; Chelsea, First Ch., Aux. (75 of wh. to const. L. M's Miss Annie H. Buck, Miss Mary S. Butler, Mrs. Caroline E. K. Davis), 78; Dedham, Aux., 7.66; Dorchester, Friend, 1; Harvard Ch., Prim. Dept., S. S., 2; Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 6, Prim. Dept., S. S., 5, Village Ch., Aux., 2, S. S., 5; Faneuil, Aux., 19.27; Foxboro, Aux., 55; Hyde Park, Mrs. John F. Eliot, 1, Aux., 60.02, Y. L. F. M. S., 65, C. R., 7.46, Prim. and Kinder. Depts., S. S., 14.02; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 23; Mansfield, Aux., 8; Medfield, 7.05, Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux., 7.50; Newton, Eliot Ch., For. Dept., Woman's Assoc., 200, S. S., 15; Newton Center, First Ch., Aux., 157.50, C. R., 8.25; Newton Highlands, Aux., 28.59; Newtonville, Aux. (12 in mem. Mrs. E. N. Greene), 34, Queens of Avilion, 25; Norwood, Aux., 100; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux. (Th. Off., 38) (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Catherine Wheeler), 64.50, Immanuel-Walnut Ave., For. Dept., 190.46, Roxbury, West, So. Evangelical Ch., Woman's Union, 10; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux. (Special Th. Off., 10), 63.75, Y. L. Soc., 40, Highland Ch., Women Workers, 10, Alden Mission Band and Jr. C. E. Soc.,

1, Winter Hill Ch., Miss'y Dept., 20;	
Waverley, Aux., 5, Wellesley Hills, Mrs. Beatrice Codwise, 3,	2,835 84
Worcester Co. Branch. —Mrs. Theodore H. Nye, Treas., 15 Berkshire St., Worcester. Gardner, Aux., 52; Holden, Aux., 37; Hopedale, Mrs. J. C. Alvord, 10; Leominster, Aux., 6; Northbridge, Rockdale, Aux., 5.50; Rutland, Aux., 2, Spencer, Kinder. Dept., S. S., 8; Upton, Aux. (to const. L. M. Mrs. Elizabeth Billings), 25; Westminster, Jr. M. C., 20; Whitinsville, Aux., 5, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 15.30; Winchendon, Aux., 51.62; Worcester, Central Ch., Aux., 83.85, Plymouth Ch., Aux., to const. L. M.'s Miss Lizzie S. Emerson, Mrs. John A. Tatman), 50, C. R., 6,	
	377 27
Total,	5,274 69

LEGACIES.

South Hanson. —Miss Lucia Hayward, by Mrs. Harriet E. Holmes, Extrx.,	311 98
Worcester. —Harriet Wheeler Damon, by Frank H. Wiggin, Trustee, add'l,	5 50
Total,	317 48

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch. —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Barrington, Prim. Dept., S. S., 7.50, Central Falls, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Newport, United Ch., Aux., 252.75, S. S., 250; Pawtucket, Life Member, for 1909, 10, Park Place Ch., Pro Christo Soc., 5; Peacedale, Mrs. N. T. Bacon, 5; Providence, Mrs. H. J. Humphrey, 5, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 5.85, Slatersville, C. E. Soc., 5.50; Woonsocket, Globe Ch., C. E. Soc., 5.50,	557 10
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CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch. —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Dayville, C. E. Soc., 1; Greenville, S. S., 12; New London, Second Ch., Prim. S. S. Class, 5; Norwich, Second Ch., Aux., 71.87, Pomfret, Searchlight M. C., 5, S. S., 7.62,	102 49
Hartford Branch. —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas., 21 Arnoldale Rd., Hartford. Int. on Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 412.50; Berlin, Aux., 90, Broad Brook, Prim. S. S., 2.50, Ellington, Aux., 46; Enfield, Ladies' Benev. Soc., 50, First Ch., S. S., 10; Granby, Aux., 30.20; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Mrs. C. D. Davison, 50, Aux., 136.55, Farmington Ave. Ch., Aux., 171.45, Fourth Ch., C. R., 5, Park Ch., Aux., 12.50, Wethersfield Ave. Ch., Prim. S. S., 5; Manchester, Mrs. Dwight Spencer, 1,000; New Britain, First Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. from Mrs. H. S. Walter to const. L. M. Mrs. Henry W. Maier), 175, South Ch., Aux., 52.36; Rockville Aux. (Th. Off., 37), 50; South Manchester, Mrs. Reynold's S. S. Class, 11.70, Miss Vickerman's S. S. Class, 6.30; Vernon Center, Aux., 13; West Hartford, Aux., 7.98,	2,338 04
New Haven Branch. —Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. For Work of 1909, 282; Bridgeport, Mrs.	

R. M. Faulkner, 1, Friend, 50; Black Rock, Aux., 16; Bridgeport, Union, 1, Olivet Ch., Aux., 42, Park St. Ch., Aux., 125; Canaan, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 12.75; Cheshire, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Danbury, Aux., 5; Durham, Prim. S. S., 2; Goshen, Aux., 50, C. R., 15; Greenwich, Aux., 205.26; Kent, Aux. (25 of wh. to const. L. M. Miss May Chamberlin), 49; Ivoryton, Mission Helpers, 5; Middletown, First Ch., Aux. (25 of wh. from Mrs. J. H. Bruce to const. L. M. Mrs. Maurice B. Bennett), 75.55; New Canaan, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; New Haven, City Mission, Mothers' Aux., 18, United Ch., Women's League, Aux., 95, Yale College Chapel, Aux., 25; Norfolk, Aux., 112.50; Norwalk, Aux., 5, S. S., 50; Plymouth, Aux., 10; Redding, Morning Star M. C. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Miss Fannie B. Gorham), 21, C. R., 4.50; Salisbury, Aux., 8.25; Stamford, 25; Waterbury, First Ch., Dau. of Cov., 10; Westport, 10; Winsted, Second Golden Chain, 10; Woodbridge, C. E. Soc., 10,	1,360 81
Total,	3,801 34

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn —Friend,	5 00
New York City. —K. W. D.,	100 00
New York State Branch. —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Brooklyn, Park Ch., C. E. Soc., 25; Fairport, Prim. S. S., 10; New York, Miss Susan L. Griggs, 5,	40 00
Total,	145 00

LEGACY.

New York. —Olive M. Leland, by Thomas Irving Crowell, Trustee,	575 06
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PENNSYLVANIA.

Pottsville. —Mrs. Francis M. Quick,	40
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CALIFORNIA.

Ceres. —Friends, through Miss Hoppin (Miss Caroline Snow, 10, Mr. Fred Snow, 10; Mich., South Haven, Deerlick S. S., 5; Calif., Oakland, First Ch., Miss'y Soc., 25),	50 00
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TURKEY.

Aintab. —Miss Elizabeth Trowbridge,	4 40
Donations,	8,236 73
Buildings,	585 00
Work of 1909,	1,760 31
Specials,	25 00
Legacies,	892 54
Total,	\$11,499 58

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1908 TO FEB. 18, 1909.

Donations,	29,986 54
Buildings,	995 65
Work of 1909,	11,028 91
Specials,	536 64
Legacies,	7,489 31
Total,	\$50,037 05

Board of the Pacific

President.

MRS. R. B. CHERINGTON,
Sunnyvale, Cal.

Treasurer.

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Adams Street, Oakland, Cal.

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MRS. E. R. WAGNER,
San Jose, Cal.

Editor Pacific Department in Life and Light.
MRS. J. K. McLEAN.

WORK IN KUSAIE

BY MISS JESSIE R. HOPPIN

MICRONESIA'S Needs and Miss Wilson's Work is the subject on which I am asked to write. Micronesia has so many needs that for the present it will be sufficient to speak of those connected directly with Miss Wilson's work. We will reverse the subject, too, and speak first of the "work."

Dr. Pease used to say so often, "What the natives need is not your work, but daily contact with a Christ-filled life." The wisdom of his words was certainly proved by his own daily walk with the native men whose lives touched his in the quiet, training school days on Kusaie. "They took knowledge of him that he had been with Christ." No one could be long with such men as Jeremaia, and Laiwa, and Lejlarik without being impressed with the fact that they have had a vision of Christ that had transformed their lives. It was just such a company of trained, Christ-filled men as this that changed the work in the Marshalls from a local to a general work for the whole group. Not perfect saints, you know, but very human beings, making mistakes like the rest of us, and yet after all putting Christ first.

Now it is just this inexpressible something that I would like to say about Miss Wilson's work. It is just her presence in the islands and in the girls' training school that counts most. "The kingdom of heaven is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till it was all leavened." Given the leaven and the meal, there need be no hurry nor any fear for future results. It means much for the future of the islands that forty girls at least are coming daily and hourly into contact with a life so "Christ filled" as Miss Wilson's life, and in such a normal, work-a-day way. There are cut toes and fingers to tie up, hearts to be comforted and mothered, clothes to be mended, lessons to be taught in the class room, and Sunday-school lessons to be heard, gardens to be planted and cared for, yes, and a cow to be milked.

Here are some extracts from the girls' letters: "We are mostly busy with our schoolroom work these days, but after seven days more comes vacation. Monday we went to Lemmwot with Mother Wilson and James and Pakun to dig taro. We dug enough for about ten meals. On the way home Mother Wilson went with the boys to get some preserved breadfruit for our food. When we reached home it was nearly night. Do you remember the place below the pineapple garden? Well, we are making a banana garden there. Mother Wilson went with us and helped us plant the bananas. Do you know about Mother Wilson? Oh, she is very much in earnest about making gardens. She has another large banana garden back in the woods. This evening we went and carried in some bunches of bananas for our food."

Another girl writes: "On Saturday we went to fish in that deep water on the reef near Yella. Mother Wilson and the two boys went with us on a canoe. We started at five in the morning. We arose and went in haste. We waited on our canoes in the river until the tide went out. Oh, this is such a good way to fish! The fish are stupefied by the poison (a narcotic plant) and lie about, and know not where to go. Oh, that you might have a little taste of our fish, for you know we caught a great multitude of them—so many that we had some to give away to some men who came here to-day! Oh, we are so happy to-day! Mother Wilson just sat still on the canoe and watched us fish. We reached home again about noon."

Gentle little Terana writes: "Mother Wilson teaches me to play the organ. I am rejoiced over it. It is as if it helped me to be more faithful in all my other studies. I will try so much harder to become a girl pure in heart and beautiful in her life.

"There is one thought that greatly helped me in one prayer meeting with Mother Wilson—that Jesus is always near to me. It helps me to gain the victory in the things that come to me."

Raera writes in her own English: "I will tell you this time about Mother Wilson's birthday. We thought we shall surprise her with a song. On Thursday Mother Wilson went down the hill and was gone all the afternoon, so we sang our song. Mother Olin excused us from sewing class, so we spent all the afternoon with ferns and wreaths we are going to give Mother Wilson. That evening our ferns and wreaths are all ready and we put them on the grass to be wet by the night's dew.

"Very early in the morning, many of us awoke. At last the rising bell did ring, and we dress and comb our hair and say our morning prayers. After that we came down and take our flowers and stand in line, and marching on while three girls played. Mother Wilson greeted us 'Good morning' and then we start our song: 'God be with thee, God be with thee.' I remember I started it and then my voice lost, my heart beat fast and my eyes dim with tears. I don't know why I feel so, for I am sure it was meant joy for me. When our song finished we went up and gave her our presents."

Miss Wilson writes of the two young men who work for the girls' school and go to school there: "Pakun went to Lellu this morning to attend Christian Endeavor meeting. James did not care to go. He said he would not

have his lessons ready for Monday if he went. They are getting along nicely and I am sure we could not ask for better conduct when they are with the girls. When we were all around at Lellu at Easter time, I did not know but what they would feel ashamed to stand up and sing with all our girls, but they were not at all so and the people were so pleased, their voices rang out strong and clear. Palikun said, 'Where did James get his voice? He could not sing at all when he lived at Lellu.'

"We have all been sick with a regular grippe. We did not have it nearly so hard as the Kusaiens, because we had medicine with which to fight it. The king and several more had it very hard. I felt so sorry for the old man in his pain. This is the first chance I have had to talk with him since I came back from the Gilberts. I do not think he is as hardened as people think he is. I talked with him about becoming a Christian. I said: 'You used to be so happy and you know you are not happy now.' His eyes filled with tears, as he said, 'No, I am not happy now.' I told him how I believed he would come back and he said he'd try. They need to feel that some one cares for them. Markoelun was here the other morning and said they were going to have a feast at Lellu. I asked him about the king. He said, 'He is all right, all he needs is some one to talk with him.' I told him I had talked with him some but that he was so sick I did not stay long. He said, 'At Christmas time he sat there and wept during the singing. I tell you he will come out all right.' I sincerely hope he will, and will try to inspire him to try when I see him again."

I would like to tell you of the many, many letters Miss Wilson and Miss Olin write to the teachers and especially to the graduates of our school scattered through the Marshall and Gilbert groups. Even just a written word of cheer and sympathy goes far in giving our workers renewed courage for battle.

And yet we need to reach the girls and women of the thirty low islands for which our school works in a more satisfactory way than by letter. This brings us to the "needs" of Miss Wilson's work and ours. It is for at least two more consecrated women to work in the girls' training school. In the first place Miss Wilson should come home for a complete rest and change. She has grown so dear to Micronesian hearts, and is too greatly needed in the islands to be allowed to stay on without a rest, until she is too much broken in health ever to return to the work again. The school is two schools in one, speaking two languages. It is too much for one woman to be left alone in such a position, and so Miss Wilson waits for help to come.

The Kusaie girls' school is to have a new building soon. The whole question of future success of the school depends now on whether we can find a sufficient number of teachers to make it a success. The same problem would confront us even if the school were divided and carried on as two schools within the respective groups from which our pupils come.

Miss Wilson has been absent from the girls' school about two months since she and Miss Olin were left alone on Kusaie. She visited during that time four islands in the group for which we work. She returned to Kusaie encouraged and believing more firmly than ever, that with a sufficient number of consecrated women, we could carry on the training school

work at Kusaie and at the same time reach out and do hand-to-hand work in the low coral islands, with the means of transportation at hand. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he may send forth laborers into his vineyard."

MESSAGE FROM PAO-TING-FU, NORTH CHINA

Meng Chi Tseng of the Pao-ting-fu Christian Church to the Christian Endeavor Society, of Riverside, Cal. :—

BROTHERS and sisters, through the grace of our Lord may you have Peace. Though we have never met in the flesh and held conversation, yet for the past thirty years I have known foreign pastors and their wives, and also the single ladies teachers, and I know that because of the love of Christ they left their relatives and friends, crossing mountains and seas to come to this dark land. Two and twenty-three have died the martyr's death here in China, with twenty of whom I was acquainted, yet I know they died gladly for the Truth. I also know that in their home land are many relatives and friends who pray constantly for the work here and also give their money even as the widow whom Jesus observed giving her mite (little, but given heartily) until many places have been changed from a living hell to a "little Heaven."

My parents, now deceased, were the first to believe (in our village), and realized that their neighbors on the "earth ball that side" did sympathize with us. (This thought is from the story of the man who said he had loved his neighbor as himself when he had done his duty by those who joined his farm, but came to realize a duty to the heathen when asked "but how about those who join lands with you on the other side of the earth?")

Because of the sympathy we knew you felt ever since I was in the theological seminary twenty years ago we students used to plan how to get the church in China to be self-supporting.

It is only in the last few years that the church here in Pao-ting-fu has begun to show "eyebrows and eyes" (to begin to have the appearance of what was planned). At present we have the church and city chapel. In the city chapel there come four or five men daily to preach giving their services free. Those who come to hear are sixty, seventy and sometimes over eighty in number. We also started a home missionary society which put seven workers in the field besides paying the pastor of this local church. To build our church we had to borrow \$3,000 (gold \$1,500 by mortgage on property received as indemnity for lives of church members). We also hope to enlarge our city chapel and add an inquirers' room.

In all this self-support we are very much like a little child that still looks to its father or teacher to be helped over places (where it cannot walk alone). Therefore in the past half year some of the women and girls of the church as well as some from outside have made some little playthings, while from Shansi and Peking others have been bought and are now on their way to America, where we hope they will sell for something to help on in our work.

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MAHABLESHWAR—THE HEALTH RETREAT FOR THE MARATHI MISSION

BY MRS. MARY MOULTON FAIRBANKS

VERY few of our people see Mahableshwar when it is at its best, which is just after the rains. Usually we go there in April and May when it is looking its worst. Our mission owns four houses—all too few—at Mahableshwar. It is four thousand seven hundred feet above sea level, and is in the Satara District, twenty miles from Wai; forty miles to the west is the sea, and on a clear day after a rainstorm, one can sometimes see a broad expanse of it. In October and November it is an everyday sight, and one can plainly see the steamers, sailboats and smaller fishing crafts on the glittering water. The hill is covered with trees, and in one place these are of very good size. Winding in and out are well-made and well-kept roads, leading to various places of interest, from which good views of the surrounding valleys and neighboring hills can be obtained. What are even more enjoyable to the pedestrian are the many bridle paths and footpaths along the hillsides.

Going along these quietly, the bird lover has a treat in store for him. The bulbul, white-winged ground thrush, honeysucker, whistling schoolboy, scimitar babbler, barbet, Indian robin, magpie robin and wren warbler are a few birds that can not only be heard but seen on most of these walks. The Paradise fly catcher, with its two long white feathers, can sometimes be seen floating from tree to tree, and so graceful is he that one hardly notices the black-headed, reddish-brown bird near by, which after its two years of probation will become changed like its companion. Down the hillsides can be heard the spur fowl, and, if it is a very early walk on an unfrequented path, one may see the jungle cock in all his glorious plumage. The hen is

more quietly dressed. If she detects the observer, it is wonderful how quickly and quietly she and her brood can escape into the underbrush. A rustle and a loud scurry in the branches of a neighboring tree may be your first consciousness of the presence of monkeys, or it may be that you will first see a long, gray, snake-like monkey's tail hanging down from the tree just ahead of you. The monkeys never stay for close inspection, but it is always interesting to watch them as they swing from one tree top to another, down the steep cliffs, or as they play a game of tag as they rest in some retired place.

Occasionally the footprints of a panther or a tiger may be seen in the dirt of paths or roads some distance off from the bungalows, and then hunting parties are formed among the English gentlemen, and efforts are made to bag the game. In certain places may be found the trees in which the hunters sit while watching well-known tiger haunts.

The footpaths are beautiful also. They wind up and down, in and out, occasionally crossing a stream, or where a stream is in the rainy season. About the middle of May the beautiful, sweet-smelling orchids are in blossom on the trees. The trunks are covered with moss, and a rain brings out these in their beauty. With the moss, too, unfolds the different kinds of ferns that live in them. A great many vines and scandent scrubs add to the picturesqueness of the scene. Underneath by the path are various kinds of ferns. In the hot season these give only a suggestion of their beauty during the rains. Then numerous begonias and ground orchids add to the picture.

The last mile on the way to Mahableshtar one follows a small stream, on either side of which are the strawberry and vegetable gardens which supply the Europeans during the season. The head of the stream is an artificial lake where the *dhobies* (washermen) ply their trade.

At the highest place on the hill an attempt was made many years ago to have a lake which would supply water to the people in the bungalows. But the rock is laterite and so porous that the attempt had to be given up. The rock is very soft when first uncovered, but it hardens by exposure. From the iron in the rock comes the greatest drawback to Mahableshtar, for the soil is red and the abundant dust is penetrating and persistent.

From ten to twenty-five miles about Mahableshtar are numerous hill forts of Shivaji, a former celebrated Marathi king, and one of the pleasures of a season at Mahableshtar is sometimes to extend one's walk to visit some of these historic places.

The bungalows are in very pleasant compounds, and from the verandas one oftentimes has beautiful views of hills and valleys. On clear nights the stars are never so clear and bright elsewhere for us in India, as they are

seen from these hills. Later in the season when the evening mists come up, one can watch the mist nestle in the valley or flowing like a waterfall over some near hill or massing itself like a snowbank on the hillside or coming up and surrounding one till he almost gasps for breath. It is all wonderful. So, too, are the sunsets. Whether the sun sets in the sea or behind a cloud the reflections and distortions are endless in their variety and interest.

But I must not forget to mention the flowers. The jasmine is everywhere and all the season long. The ironwood tree has a beautiful fire-opal blossom that startles one by its beauty. The gambal tree is sweet in its blossoms and full of honey bees. Usually the monkey lime is in fruit at this season, but when in blossom its delicate fragrance is enjoyed. The *Ixora vigricans* is a large white ball, much used in decorating the English church. If there is rain during the season the abundance of *Brugmansia candida* comes out, which is very showy. As hedges, a wild double pink rose is much used, and if not covered with dust these are beautiful. There are over twenty orchids to be found in Mahableshwar, though most people know but four or five. One dainty little ground orchid comes late in the season, and looks like a dainty old lady's white cap with its long strings. About the same time come three kinds of lilies, and if one knows where to go for them the ground is white with them. But the fall, in October and November, is the time for the flowers, or better still in the rains when it is like a great conservatory.

But no small part of the interest of Mahableshwar is the meeting the missionaries from our own and other missions. Tennis, teas, picnics and at-homes are very jolly and pleasant occasions when it does one good to forget responsibilities. On Wednesday and Sunday evenings are held in the chapel in the bazaar prayer meetings and church services, and these are most helpful occasions. Usually these are the times when the leader gives something that has been of especial help to him during the year, and that is what reaches and helps others.

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Miss Virginia Billings writes from Hadjin, June, 1908:—

The famine condition in Hadjin was not without its effect on our school although most of the school supplies are obtained the year in advance. We could not get the usual variety of food and the girls' table has had rather a monotonous round of *pilav* (boiled rice or wheat) and *soulou* (stew), but the girls have been very good and we have not heard any complaints.

Indeed, they have been so anxious to help the sufferers in the city that they have gone without one meal a week ever since last December. It has amounted to over seven liras.

Last year money was sent to put up a small house for our steward just outside the gate. In order to give work to the poor we started the digging for the foundations and had women bringing stones, although we had not intended to build until a missionary was at hand to oversee the work.

At one time from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men and women were at work there, and special services were held for them at noon in the schoolhouse. Everyone, even the Moslems, seemed to enjoy it very much and were very grateful for them and also for the work, and as they passed out the door, they would call down all kinds of blessings upon us. One old Moslem woman gave the best wish she knew when she said, "May you dress in green and marry a rich husband."

The Bible women say they never have known a time when the houses of the Gregorians have been so easy to enter. The relief work has made them feel friendly. One of the Bible women said, "If they see me coming at a distance down the street they give the word to all the neighbors, and if I enter into a house, in four or five minutes there will be twenty or thirty people crowded about to listen while I read the Bible and explain it. They ask many questions and are very anxious to learn how to be Christians. Wherever I go it is the same provided it is a Gregorian neighborhood.

Miss Kate E. Ainslie writes from Marash, Turkey, December 17, 1908, to a friend in Oak Park:—

When you spoke at Oak Park, telling me and the others what wonderful events were now coming to pass in Turkey we could not think ahead even as far as this. While I am writing the cannon is being fired one hundred times and all the bells in the city are being rung, for word has just been received that Turkey's parliament is in session.

This morning processions of men and boys came up to the barracks with banners and songs and bands playing. Each large group, too, had a large banner of the new Turkey party, carried by a man or men dancing. Just a little after noon some men mounted the platform, which is decorated with flags, and began to speak. Just in the midst of their speeches word came that parliament is really in session. Before the cannon had finished booming the principal men of the city led off and a procession of hundreds of men and boys is now going through the city.

All the fezes and colored clothes made the scene very pretty indeed. Indeed it is beautiful in many ways. As the Armenian boys came up from their schools to-day they sang their Armenian songs, and then as they

reached the entrance to the barracks they and the Turkish boys together sang a song in honor of the Sultan. Then the speeches, too, emphasized the idea of unity. As the processions came up to-day I saw many different flags and asked if any were Armenian. One of the teachers standing near me said, "No, we are all united now, there is no use for an Armenian flag, we have the Turkish flag." Even the Jews carried their most sacred symbols to show that they too are one with the rest of the Turks.

The Governor of this district ordered all Moslem and common schools closed to-day, and sent word to all the other schools asking that they too join. Our school has a half holiday, but most have had a whole holiday.

The people have not yet all learned what liberty is. Some think the word a synonym for the processions and illuminations that there were at the time liberty was proclaimed. One woman we heard of came in from a village a long ways off hunting for liberty. She said he had done her a great kindness, for while other years she had had a great deal of trouble with tax gatherers, this year they had not been so hard on her. People told her liberty wouldn't allow her to be troubled, so she had come to thank liberty in person for all his kindness to her.

Wouldn't it be glorious if this new government could be started in times of prosperity instead of amid such dire and awful need. Work that has been keeping scores of women here from starvation is now discontinued, for hard times have come in England and there is no sale for Marash work. The matron of the Orphanage here has been giving the women this work, and the other day when she said, "Now I have given out the last bit of work I have, when the women finish and bring back this what shall I do, what shall they do?" she was so near tears she could hardly finish her sentence. Indeed, wheat has been up to almost starvation prices, but now for some reason is gradually becoming cheaper. The missionaries say that never before has there been such a call for help. People are willing to work but there is none. We don't know what will happen before the winter is over if there is such need at the very beginning. Much of this want is the effect of the bad government for all these years, but some of it seems to be a part of the general cry for work and food that we hear from all parts of the world.

The lines have certainly fallen to me in pleasant places. My associates are very pleasant people indeed, so it is a privilege to work with them. Then I have two sunny pretty rooms. This makes a great difference in my happiness this year, as I stay in them nearly all day studying Turkish. I have the American flag up where I look at it many times a day, and remember my country and all the good friends I have there.

A HOUSEBOAT TRIP

ON THE GRAND CANAL, EN ROUTE TO LINTSINGCHOU, CHINA,
SEPTEMBER 2, 1908

DEAR FRIENDS: This is a new and interesting experience for me—a houseboat trip—not in the houseboat on the Styx, but on the Grand Canal of China. And my companions are not the people of Shakespeare's time, but Mr. McCann, who goes to Lintsingchou to have charge of the plans for rebuilding, his wife and three dear children, and Dr. Susan B. Tallmon of the Lintsingchou Station. And the boatman is not Charon, but six yellow attendants, who walk along the bank and tow the boat. The first day, the men had a fairly good time, for a favorable wind was blowing, and sails could be used to good advantage. The next day it rained and the wind took the boat asailing at a pace that made our books, paper and pencils seasick, and the men had a chance to ride. This morning an adverse wind makes the boatmen disgusted with the weather, though I am sure their calm faces and musical boat cries show no resentment against an unkind Providence. We walked along the bank for about two miles, then found that we were far ahead of the boat, so we turned and walked back to meet the tired men straining and tugging at the ropes, trying to make progress against wind and current. Soon they anchored to eat their coarse fare of millet mush, corn meal bread and some salted turnips, having made about five miles the six hours previous. The average rate is about twenty-five miles a day, and the boatman's day begins at about three o'clock in the morning and continues until dark, with two short intervals for refreshments.

I think that I should consider the houseboat trip the best part of Hades, if houseboats are at all alike. Dr. Tallmon and I have one of approved Chinese style, with four rooms, the largest about six by eight. A nice Chinese woman, with a dear little girl who has picked up a good deal of English from being with the foreign children, has the back room. The next room is our bedroom—it contains a wooden "kang" (a stationary bed built into the room), which with our springs and mattress is made very comfortable, though we realize every morning, that we have had uninvited guests upon whom sleeping bags, insect powder, and mosquito nets have made no impression. The next room is our study and, with two chairs and a table piled high with our books and papers, there is still room for us to pass through the room single file.

The front room is occupied by the good old Chinese cook, who is an artist in the culinary department, and produces the most delicious dishes with his charcoal stove, chopsticks and various other articles that he has picked up by

the way. Who would desire a Pullman which speeds over the ground in a manner most prohibitory to careful scrutiny? Traveling by houseboat, we can get off and walk along the bank and examine to our heart's content the old shrines, the queer methods of farming where a cow and a mule are considered the "proper match" team, and the new and interesting crops. For these vegetables and grains seem to consider the soil and sunshine of China as good as the soil and sunshine of any other country. And the color of the water at sunset, the reflection of the trees in the still river, the green banks and the green sky are none the less beautiful because they are found in a land of mud houses, ruined temples, and half-clad yellow laborers.

I must not forget to tell you of the month that I spent at Peitaho. At first we studied and took an examination in Chinese history, then we rested in earnest. Dr. Tallmon says that I am "violently enthusiastic" over sea bathing, and I am, and I have the same sort of feeling about the sea beach with its wonderful treasures of ocean and the beautiful rocks and hills that make me close my eyes and wonder if I have crossed the Styx to the Elysian fields or am in China still.

We met many missionaries from other missions, rare and good people they are. We became very well acquainted with some of the Scotch and Irish missionaries of Manchuria. One lady came out as a bride five years ago. Since that time she has seen, besides the Chinese, only her husband, the doctor and his wife. Their station is in an inaccessible region of the North, and one of their out-stations is fifteen days' journey from the central station. Her little boy is as shy as a little fawn. Of the same mission, a young lady physician told of being left with another young lady to carry on the work after she had been here but four months. When I think of myself being lonesome here, I shall hide my head in shame as I recall those in still lonelier places.

One day we went with Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Smith for a picnic—such a pleasant day it was. After eating our lunch, we explored some of the ruins left by the Boxers and visited the lighthouse where only an ordinary kerosene lamp lights the sailors. Then we were bold enough to visit the gardens of the Greek Catholic summer house, where there is a Russian mine that was washed ashore after the Russo-Japanese War. It has now been unloaded and is less fascinating as well as less dangerous, than it was a few years ago.

One day we saw some United States cruisers, whose errand, we learned later, was to exchange the new troops for those who had been the guard of our legation in Peking. We felt that we had seen a part of our fleet, and anything that is "ours" seems mighty good to us here in China. On

another day we saw a waterspout. It had been a day of changing lights on ocean and mountain. About noon we noticed a little roughing of the water and a cloud of mist above it. The mist soon shaped itself into a column that grew into the air to meet the rising cone reaching down to receive it. The slender column, moving along its path, parallel to the shore, gradually grew broader, and gave off mist as the portion midway between sky and sea became vapor and melted away; the lower part sank into the foaming water at its base, the upper part was drawn up to become a part of the twisting gray cloud. In all it lasted four or five minutes, but the impression of the grandeur of sky and sea will remain.

These days at the coast were shadowed by the illness of some of our dear friends there. Dr. Ament, of our own Mission at Peking, lay for weeks in a most critical condition. We held daily meetings for prayer for his recovery each of the days that I spent at Peitaho, and our prayers are being answered. Mrs. Stanley, with whom I made my home at Hsiku last year, was taken very ill September 5th. Her suffering was very great. I was permitted to help care for her until her death. Dear Mrs. Stanley! How we shall miss her. The grief of both foreigners and Chinese was pathetic to witness. Forty-six years ago she came to China with her husband and within a year she started the first girls' school in North China. During almost half a century her life has counted for righteousness in this country and for the uplifting of many of China's heathen children.

THE longest artificial waterway in the world is the Bengal Canal, nine hundred miles in length.

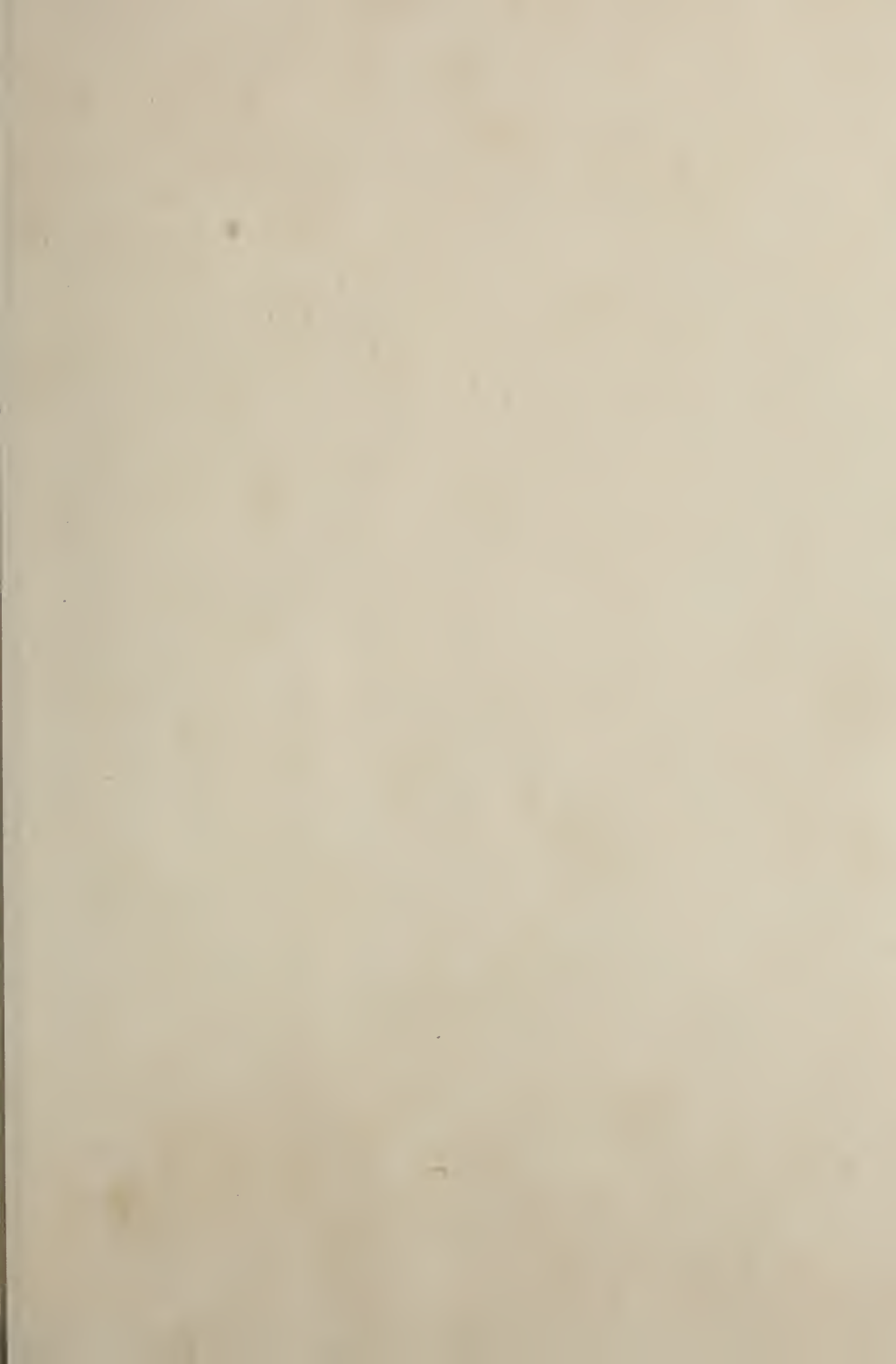
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RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 10 TO FEBRUARY 10, 1909

ILLINOIS	2,789 45	MISCELLANEOUS	152 00
IOWA	414 57	Receipts for the month	\$6,884 27
KANSAS	179 46	Previously acknowledged	10,553 99
MICHIGAN	546 70	Total since October, 1908	\$17,438 26
MINNESOTA	1,629 53		
MISSOURI	228 15		
NEBRASKA	161 58		
OHIO	459 09		
NORTH DAKOTA	25 00	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
SOUTH DAKOTA	44 80	Receipts for the month	\$85 00
WISCONSIN	176 14	Previously acknowledged	164 75
MASSACHUSETTS	59 05	Total since October, 1908	\$249 75
TEXAS	10 00		
JAPAN	8 75		

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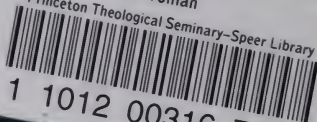
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